

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1924

Price 8 Cents

THE BLOCK HOUSE BOYS; OR, THE YOUNG PIONEERS OF THE GREAT LAKES

By AN OLD SCOUT



Quick as thought, Nate Badger changed his position and placed Nettie between himself and Bert Shirley. The boy was baffled then as regarded shooting. But, clubbing the gun, he rushed at Badger. There were many French soldiers spectators of the scene.

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PLUCK AND LUCK

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The Blockhouse Boys

OR, THE YOUNG PIONEERS OF THE GREAT LAKES

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CHAPTER I.—Introductory Events.

It was a dark period in our colonial history when in the early summer of 1756 the French Canadian and Indian forces under General Montgomery captured Oswego, the American key to Lake Ontario, and a large quantity of cannon and military stores, together with the entire garrison of sixteen hundred troops. A more signal disaster could scarcely have befallen our colonies. Although for about two years the French and English colonies had been at war, the two governments had maintained the relations of peace at home until the spring of 1756. Then war was declared by Great Britain against France in due form, and the celebrated conflict began which is called in our annals "The French and Indian War."

General Abercrombie was in command of the American troops, while General Montcalm commanded the French and Indians. At the date of which we are writing the Americans had constructed a strong block house or log fort at the settlement of William Henry, so that in the event of an Indian attack the settlers might have a place to shelter themselves and families and defend it against their red foes. One moonlight night, not long after the French and Indian victory at Oswego, Legrand Shirley, the hunter of the block house at William Henry settlement, and Manatock, a friendly Mohawk Indian, left the log fort and made their way swiftly northward into the great forest.

Legrand Shirley was a stalwart American colonist of middle age, who had emigrated from England some years previously, accompanied by his wife and two little ones, named respectively Gerton and Valentine. Legrand Shirley was the son of a wealthy English gentleman, but he had come to America almost penniless, and after the death of his beloved wife, which occurred soon after his arrival in America, he seemed to lose heart to do battle with the world, and being an excellent hunter he had been content to accept the position of hunter for the block house. There his two boys were reared, and they became brave young pioneers, skilled in all that pertained to woodcraft.

Gert and Val Shirley were now aged respectively sixteen and eighteen years. Both were fine, well-grown lads, athletic of frame, with bright intelligent faces and good true hearts. Far and wide, along the American border, the boys were known as "The Block House Boys," because they made their home at the log fort. Manatock, the friendly Mohawk, was as fine a specimen of the grand Indian warrior of those early days as one can conceive of. Tall and magnificently formed, with muscles of iron; lithe as a panther, swift-footed as an antelope, cunning as a fox, and brave as a lion, he was a most valuable scout and ally of the Americans.

And he was particularly devoted to the Block House Boys and their father, who had on many occasions proven themselves to be his true friends. On the night of which we are writing Legrand Shirley was exceedingly anxious about the safety of his two sons, and Manatock shared his solicitude fully. The two lads had gone out hunting early in the morning, promising to return by midday. But they had not yet returned to the block house, and when the night fell, being well-nigh convinced that some calamity had befallen the boys, their father and the friendly Mohawk set out to look for them.

For some time the Mohawk and his white comrade followed the trail of the missing boys, which they had struck in the edge of the woods, in silence. But all at once, a distance of several miles from the block house, Manatock, who was in advance, suddenly paused, and pointing down at the trail, said in guttural tones:

"Senecas make tracks here! See, moccasin prints. Ten warriors came on white boys' trail here, and they not cross it."

"Ah!" exclaimed Shirley, "it is as we feared; the murderous Senecas are the cause of the non-return of my two sons. They followed Bert and Val's trail from this point. God grant they may not have overtaken and captured them!"

Many miles were traversed and still the plainly defined trail told them that the Senecas had not yet overtaken the white lads. From the latter's tracks the two trailers judged that the boys were aware that they were pursued, and that they were making all speed to distance the savages.

Finally Shirley and the Mohawk arrived at a stream of water, and there the trail of the boys disappeared, but the tracks of the Senecas were found on both sides of the water-course going upstream.

Shirley and the Indian followed the trail left by the Senecas until they finally lost it in a barren, rocky region a mile farther on. They knew the white boys had waded upstream to blind the trail, but they could not find where they had left the water. Presently, however, about half a mile from the stream which they had left to make a scout for the lost trail, Shirley and the Mohawk came upon the edge of a small clearing, in which stood a dilapidated log cabin, which they knew had been deserted since the northern Indians became hostile.

Just as they reached the edge of the timber, Manatock detected the tracks of the two white boys in the soft earth, with the toes pointing toward the cabin. Shirley counted ten warriors about the cabin, beside which stood a large tree, whose spreading branches extended out over the cabin roof.

"Heavens!" said the anxious father. "It must be, Manatock, that Bert and Val have sought shelter in the deserted cabin. But if so, why do they not fire upon the Senecas? They are close enough."

"Manatock can say nothing 'bout that. Come, we crawl up like snake to help the boys, while Senecas break down cabin door."

Then, under cover of the grass, they began to crawl toward the cabin. Presently they saw four of the Senecas climb the tree beside the settler's deserted home. If they could have seen the interior of the log cabin they would have been thrilled to the heart by the discovery that the situation of the Block House Boys was even more terrible and hopeless than they supposed. Bert and Val Shirley were sleeping soundly upon their blankets in one corner of the log cabin with their guns beside them.

As their father and Manatock had learned from the signs on their trail, they had discovered a long distance back that the hostile Indians were in pursuit of them. Then they had fled at the greatest possible speed until they had arrived at the watercourse. That stream they entered and waded north for miles. At last they left the water where their moccasins left no impression on the flinty rocks.

Climbing then into the tops of some studded hemlock trees they there concealed themselves until the Senecas came up. They heard the Senecas acknowledge that they could not find their trail, and say they would turn back and go to Fort Edward, a post some fifteen miles south of the block house. The boys remained concealed in the treetops until the Indians had been gone for some time. Then they descended to the ground again.

They were exhausted by their long run, and knowing of the deserted cabin they resolved to go there and pass the night, and then make their way back to the block house in the morning. Arriving at the cabin they entered it, and having secured the door by means of a stout oaken bar which they found at hand, they spread their

blankets, lay down upon them, and with no further thought of danger from the Senecas soon fell asleep. But the crafty Indians had not really left the neighborhood, though they had gone southward a short distance. They reasoned that the white boys had left the water where the flinty rocks would conceal their trail, precisely as they had done. Halting in a thicket, two scouts were sent out to make a stealthy detour beyond the rocky place in the hope that the lost trail might be found again where the ground became soft.

So it transpired that not long after the boys entered the deserted cabin and fell asleep, one of the Seneca scouts found their trail at the edge of the clearing and followed it to the cabin. Then peering through a loophole in the wall, the redskin spy had seen the boys asleep inside. He tried the door silently, and having found it fastened, he crept noiselessly away and, rejoining his band, informed them of his discovery. All the war party then advanced with the greatest caution, intending to take the boys by surprise or kill them while they slept.

The cabin was provided with a stone chimney, going down to a deep, wide, rudely built fireplace. It was now the purpose of the Indians, who climbed the tree, to gain the roof of the cabin and then drop down the chimney. The father of the imperiled boys and the friendly Mohawk saw the four Senecas lower themselves from the limbs of the tree upon the cabin roof and go to the chimney. Then they divined the purpose of the savages. Meantime the Block House Boys slept on, unconscious of the awful danger that so nearly menaced them.

All at once the legs of a Seneca warrior appeared in the wide fireplace, and a hideous painted savage silently lowered himself upon the hearth. For a moment he glared at the sleeping boys, and then, as another redskin came climbing down the chimney, he drew his tomahawk, and with the weapon raised for a terrible blow, he began to steal across the cabin floor, straight toward the sleeping boys.

CHAPTER II.—The Death of Legrand Shirley.

Meanwhile what measures had the father of the Block House Boys and the friendly Mohawk adopted looking to the preservation of the lads? There was a clump of timber in the clearing not far from the cabin, and some bushes grew close to the rear wall of the structure. Shirley and the Mohawk instantly decided what to do. The former made for the bushes against the rear cabin wall, while Manatock gained the cover of the grove. None too soon did Shirley reach the bushes. He had just concealed himself therein, and raised his head and peered through a loophole, when he saw the first Indian who had descended by the chimney stealing upon his sleeping boys.

Quick as thought Shirley aimed his gun through the loophole at the murderous redskin and pulled the trigger. There came a loud report, and with a terrible yell the savage fell with a bullet through his heart. The two boys sprang to their

feet, clutching their guns as the detonation of their father's weapon awakened them. But now the second Indian, who alighted on the hearth as the foremost one fell, darted at the lads. Then Val's gun exploded, and the second savage dropped at his feet, shot through the brain. At the same moment a volley of shots were discharged from the grove at the Senecas on the outside of the cabin. Those shots were fired by Manatock from his flint lock and a pair of the single-barreled pistols in use at that date. Every shot the Mohawk fired dropped a Seneca. They evidently thought a considerable party of enemies were at hand in the grove, and while the two who were yet on the cabin roof scrambled into the tree the other three made for cover.

Then Shirley quickly reloaded and brought down one of the Indians in the tree, while he shouted to the boys to come out. Meanwhile Manatock rushed from the grove, and shot the second Indian in the tree, while the boys unbarred the door and came outside of the cabin. Mutual explanations were made, and they set out on the return march for the American settlement. But the adventures of the night were not over yet. As they were passing a thicket some miles to the southward two shots were fired in quick succession from an ambush in the cover.

Legrand Shirley reeled back and fell into his sons' arms. They half dragged, half-carried him beyond a tree. The Mohawk leaped to cover with a single bound and sent a bullet into the thicket. A moment subsequently under the moonlight two redskins were seen making off, dodging from tree to tree. Manatock would have pursued them, but he saw that Shirley was severely wounded. The boys had placed their father on the ground, and, while Bert supported him, Val tried to stop the flow of blood from a bullet wound in his breast. Manatock came and knelt beside his wounded friend and examined the wound. The Indian shook his head sadly as he saw that the injury was a fatal one.

"My dear sons," said the dying pioneer, faintly, "I must leave you forever. I am sinking fast, but while I have strength I want to tell you something of the past.

"My father married a second time while I was a youth. The stepmother he gave me was a French woman, and she had a son by a first husband, named Volmar Kilda, whom she brought with her to my home. Volmar and I were about the same age, but we never became friends. The fierce, cruel disposition of the half French half Russian lad repelled me.

"His father was a Muscovite. My father disapproved of my marriage and at that time made a will disinheriting me. But later on he sent for me and told me he had revoked the first will and made a second one in my favor. Whether he did it or not no one knows, but I believe he did. But the first will only was found at his death, in which Volmar Kilda was named sole heir. My father died a violent death. He was found dead in the woods on his own estate, where he had gone to hunt, and he had been shot through the head. Who killed him was never positively proven, but as one Bart Blackwood, a gamekeeper, suddenly disappeared and was never heard of again, it was generally concluded he

was the guilty party, and that he had fled the country.

"Volmar Kilda received the inheritance and converting everything into money he came to America. His sympathies were with the French, and he established himself in Quebec and built up a great fur trade with all the northern Indian tribes, establishing branches at Crown Point, and in the far north. He gained great influence with the Indians, and on that account he has been made a colonel in the French army. Kilda has for years enjoyed the fortune that is rightfully mine, and but three days since I received a mysterious communication assuring me that the last will of my father is in existence and that I am the heir. The message was brought me by a strange Cherokee Indian. It was written on birch bark and ran thus:

"Your father did make a will revoking the one that disinherited you. The last will made you the heir. I can produce that will. Seek to rescue me from the Cherokee Indians, to whom I was sold as a slave by Volmar Kilda, and I will give you your father's last will."

"Bart Blackwood."

"You see, the author of the message was the missing gamekeeper, who was suspected of killing my father.

"Now, my dear sons, before I breathe my last, I wish you to promise to try to find my father's will, and also to obtain the inheritance Kilda has so long unjustly held, if the will proves your right to it, as my direct heirs."

Shirley paused, and kneeling at his side the two boys said, in solemn broken voices:

"Father, we promise as you desire."

"That is well," he answered, faintly, and then he added: "Manatock, promise me, in the sight of the great Manito, that you will ever be a true friend to my dear boys."

"The Great Spirit hears the red man's oath. He swears he will be a brother to the white boys of the Block House."

Legrand Shirley smiled contentedly, drew one long, deep breath, and when that breath was spent, his eyes closed, and his spirit took its last long flight, as peacefully as though he had only fallen asleep. The Indian and his sons conveyed his remains to the block house. A simple funeral followed, and Legrand Shirley was interred in the settlement burying ground. The Block House Boys were orphans, but everyone was kind to them, and Colonel Hastings, the good commander of the block house, said the lads were now the children of the post.

But about two weeks after Legrand Shirley's death, a French halfbreed, who called himself Henri Dupere, came to the block house under a white flag, followed by four hideous Seneca Indians. The French halfbreed lost no time in making known his business to the commander of the block house. He said he came as a messenger from Colonel Volmar Kilda to the sons of Legrand Shirley. Thereupon the commander of the block house called in Bert and Val, and Dupere, the halfbreed, gave them a letter written to them by Volmar Kilda.

We need not reproduce the letter. Suffice to say that the substance of the communication was that having heard of the death of the boys' father, though they had been long estranged, Kilda would like to benefit the orphaned lads. He went on to say that he would be glad to give them a good education, and in fact, assure their future success in life, if they were worthy. If they accepted the offer, which he made in all good will, the Block House Boys were to go with Henri Dupere, Kilda's trusted clerk, and the four "honest Indians" who accompanied him. They would act as an escort for the boys and guide them safely back to the French fort at Crown Point, where Kilda would meet them, and take them to his home in Quebec.

Colonel Hastings advised the American boys to accept Kilda's offer. The boys did not give Dupere an immediate answer. They thought the matter over and discussed it. Finally, after considerable reflection, the boys decided to accept Kilda's offer and go with the halfbreed and the four Seneca Indians.

At the time, Manatock was absent from the block house, and so the boys did not have the benefit of his advice. Bert told Dupere that he and his brother would go with him to Crown Point. The French halfbreed seemed very much pleased. The following morning, after taking a tender farewell of Nettie Hastings, Bert joined Val and they said good-by to all their friends, who wished them "God speed," and then they set out, with Dupere and his Indians, to make the journey to Crown Point through the wilderness. When the party was half a day's journey from the America settlement the boys fancied that Dupere's good natured manner must have been assumed. He became silent, and only replied gruffly and impatiently when the lads spoke to him. The boys observed, too, that two of the four Indians now fell in the rear while the other two continued to march ahead.

That evening at sunset they made a camp in a little valley, under a jutting ledge of rocks. A fire was kindled, venison was broiled, and with this and bread all made a good meal. The boys fell asleep with their guns beside them when all the others of the party, save the Indian who was left on guard, seemed to slumber. But Bert awoke suddenly, though he knew not what had aroused him. In a moment he heard low voices, and caught the following conversation between Dupere and one of the Indians:

"In the morning," said the halfbreed, "I will make an excuse to leave the white boys alone with you and the other braves. Then you must kill them both if you mean to keep faith with Kilda, the great fur chief, and receive his gold."

"White boys shall die! Injun kill! Want Chief Kilda's gold," replied the fierce Indian.

Bert was amazed and terrified. Upon the instant he realized that he and his brother were the victims of a treacherous, murderous plot. Instinctively he felt for his gun. It was gone; so was his hunting knife, which was in his belt when he went to sleep. He saw, too, that Val was also disarmed. The Indians had taken their weapons while they slept.

CHAPTER III.—The Block House Boys Unmasked in the Presence of Their Deadly Foe.

Bert waited for a short time and then he awakened Val by a cautious whisper. As Val opened his eyes, Bert added in his ear, speaking scarcely louder than a breath:

"Do not show you are awake. We are in great danger."

Then, as Val listened in astonishment and terror, Bert quickly told him what he had overheard, and he added:

"We are in a terrible plight, and I see no way of escape unless the Indian on guard should fall asleep. We can only watch him and wait, praying that the opportunity to steal away, which is our only hope, may come before the dawn."

Val assented, and then the two lads remained silently watching the Indian guard, while the night wore on. Very soon it would be broad daylight, and then the French halfbreed would leave the boys alone in the hands of the murderous savages to be put to death. Their position was such that as they glanced upward they could see the projecting edge of the ledge of rocks directly above their heads. Bert all at once felt a pebble dropped from the ledge above strike upon his shoulder. He looked up quickly and saw two objects attached to a buckskin thong being lowered from the ledge by someone entirely hidden from sight among the stunted bushes that surrounded the rocks.

Just as Bert made this last surprising discovery there came a rustling sound in the bushes on the opposite side of the camp, which caused the Indian sentinel to turn and look in that direction. When the Seneca again glanced toward the boys, he saw nothing unusual. But meantime, the objects attached to the buckskin thong had been swiftly lowered beside them, and they had secured and secreted them in the bushes, against which they lay. As soon as it was fairly daylight the camp was astir, and Dupere said:

"Boys, I must now leave you for a time to visit an old French trapper, whose camp is not far distant, and with whom I have important business. In the meantime, you will be safe with these honest Indians."

With this Dupere shouldered his gun and strode away. The boys had arisen and paced about a bit, to stretch their limbs. But they did not go many feet away from the bushes under the ledge, and all the time they watched the movements of the treacherous savages narrowly.

Suddenly the four Senecas drew their tomahawks, and advanced upon the boys threateningly. They sprang back beside the bushes under the ledge.

"What would the warriors do? Are they not friends?" demanded Bert, as if he had no knowledge of their terrible purpose.

"Injuns kill white boys! Take scalp! Get gold!" replied the foremost of the redskin assassins.

"Stand back, you treacherous demons!" shouted Bert, and then, like a flash, he and Val snatched up out of the bushes the objects that had been lowered to them from the ledge.

The Block House Boys knew their lives depended upon prompt and decisive action, and they in-

stantly discharged their guns. Two of the murderous Senecas fell dead under their bullets. At almost the same moment a gun was discharged from the top of the ledge, and another Seneca dropped, killed instantly. But the boys' weapons were now empty, and they had no hunting knives. The remaining Seneca, who was a giant savage, secured his gun, and aimed it at Bert. But just as he was about to press the trigger, a pistol shot was fired from the ledge. The ball struck the fingers of the savage, and spoiled his aim. The bullet from his gun sang harmlessly by Bert's head, and with a yell of rage and pain the huge Seneca dashed into an adjacent thicket, and fled at full speed.

Then, with a tremendous leap, Manatock, the white lads' Mohawk friend, bounded from the ledge, and alighted beside the Block House Boys. He it was who had lowered the guns to them, and he quickly explained:

"Manatock on way to Crown Point. Meet big band French and Senecas, turn back. Then strike trail of white boys and Senecas, know tracks of white boys, follow trail, come to camp, hear halfbreed and Senecas talk, see them steal boys' guns and knives. Then go on ledge to try save white boys. Manatock great warrior. Ugh!"

The boys expressed their gratitude, and told how they came to be with the Senecas.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Manatock, "me no let white boys go to Kilda, the French fur chief, if had been at fort. Kilda snake. Now we go quick to cave of old Seneca medicine woman, who friend of Manatock, who once save her life. Wood full of Senecas and French on warpath. We make Senecas of ourselves, so fool bad Injuns and git back to block house."

The friendly Mohawk signaled the boys to follow him and set out for the cave he had mentioned at once. He and the boys went swiftly on, and soon entered a cave in a range of hills, whose entrance was so well concealed that one unacquainted with the secret of its location would not have easily found it. An old Seneca squaw, called "Wyona, the medicine woman," welcomed Manatock, and at his request she provided him with one Seneca's warrior's and two boys' costumes, which belonged to her brother and two young sons about the ages of the Block House Boys, who were now absent on the warpath. Manatock and the white boys quickly disguised themselves as Senecas. The Mohawk painted the lads' faces.

But meantime a startling occurrence transpired outside of the cave. A redskin named Red Wolf, whom our friends had left for dead back at the place where Manatock had helped them to win the battles, arose to his feet. The bullet that seemed to have crashed through his brain had only grazed his skull, rendering him unconscious. He quickly took the trail of the Mohawk and the boys again, and gaining the mouth of the cave he peered within and saw Manatock and the white boys disguising themselves. Then silently as a shadow, and with a look of savage satisfaction upon his painted face, he glided away. Presently Manatock and the two Block House Boys emerged from the cave and took their way southward. An hour or so later they came suddenly upon a band of a score of French and Indian scouts. They

were discovered before they could retreat, and so, relying on their disguises, they held their ground. The French and Indians surrounded them. Manatock did the talking, and in answer to the questions of the French leader claimed that he and his comrades belonged to the southern branch of the Seneca tribe, that they had recently come from the neighborhood of the American settlements on Lake George, and that they meant to join the French against the English.

The enemy seemed completely deceived, and the French officer invited Manatock and the boys to accompany him to Crown Point, saying that the French commander would like to question them about the condition of the American forts on Lake George. Manatock could not do otherwise than consent, and so he and the white boys marched away with the French and Senecas. No opportunity to desert them came on the march to the French post, and at the end of the journey they found themselves at Crown Point.

Then they were conducted to a large cabin near the fort in which the commander of the post had his headquarters. Entering the cabin behind the French officer who had brought them to the post, they saw a stern, dark-faced man in French uniform seated at a camp table. The French officer saluted the man at the table, and indicating Manatock and the boys, said:

"Colonel Kilda, these Senecas are from the south. I thought you would like to question them."

"Ah, so I would, so I would," replied the other, in a harsh voice.

Colonel Kilda questioned Manatock at some length, and the crafty Mohawk's replies were satisfactory, and tended to carry out his deception. But all at once an Indian hastily entered the cabin, and Manatock and the two boys at once recognized him as the one Seneca of Dupere's band who had escaped them.

"Ha! So you have returned, Kanawah? Have you and your comrades earned my gold?" exclaimed Colonel Kilda, addressing the Seneca.

"Yes, Injuns killed white boys! Um dead in great woods! Here scalps!" replied the redskins, showing two white persons' fresh scalps in his belt. "Now Injun come for the gold," he added.

"You shall have the gold, chief," replied the arch villain, and taking a bag of money from his pocket he proceeded to count out a quantity of gold pieces upon the table.

"There is the amount," added Kilda, placing the last coin on the table, while the white boys looked at their foe and the blood money, almost breathless with excitement.

The Seneca was about to reach for the gold when, all at once, Red Wolf, the mysterious, whom Manatock and the boys had left for dead, burst into the cabin, and hurling the Seneca aside, he shouted:

"Do not pay that Indian the gold!"

"Why?" demanded Kilda, starting to his feet.

"Because he has not earned it. The white boys live and there they stand!" thundered Red Wolf, pointing at the shrinking forms of the Block House Boys.

CHAPTER IV.—A Thrilling Escape.

Kilda sprang to his feet, as the startling revelation of the disguised lads' identity fell from the lips of Red Wolf. Kanawah, the lying redskin who falsely claimed the blood money which Kilda had agreed to pay for the killing of the boys, wheeled toward them. The climax of the startling drama was reached. Quick as thought Manatock's uplifted tomahawk cleft the air as Kanawah wheeled toward the boys, and the weapon crashed through the skull of the treacherous Seneca. With a single outcry the stricken savage fell at the feet of the white lads. Then the Mohawk's hatchet whizzed through space as he hurled it at Red Wolf. The latter dodged, but his movement did not enable him to entirely evade the weapon. It struck him with the flat of the blade on the side of the head and he went down, stricken senseless, but not seriously injured. Just as Volmar Kilda recovered his presence of mind to some degree, and was about to shout for assistance, Bert leveled his gun at him and cried sternly:

"Not a word! Not a sound, or you are a dead man!"

Volmar Kilda turned white in his alarm and rage, but he knew that the youth who menaced him was in deadly earnest, and he dared not utter an alarm. One glance at the Seneca he had first struck down with his tomahawk told Manatock that the painted assassin was stone dead.

"Ugh! One Seneca gone! Other sleep some time. Injun blind and gag white man. Then boys go. Wah!" said Manatock.

Then he forced Kilda down, and producing some stout thongs of buckskin which he chanced to have with him, he bound Kilda and also gagged him, using a knotted handkerchief belonging to one of the boys. As soon as Kilda was properly secured the Mohawk led the way from the lodge.

Bert and Val frequently glanced backward in the direction of the lodge which they had just left. The Mohawk, too, kept glancing that way.

"If any one goes into Kilda's quarters before we are clear of the settlement, we must run for the woods," said Bert.

"White boy say right," replied the Mohawk.

They kept on, and at last they were clear of the village, and still they had not seen any one enter Kilda's lodge. The boys began to breathe easier, as the prospects of escape became more assured, and presently they were at the edge of the great forest that lay between Crown Point and the American settlement of William Henry. Entering the woods, they darted forward in a southerly course at full speed. But, all at once, the Mohawk, who was in the lead, held up his hand warningly as he halted, and then sank noiselessly upon the earth.

"Two white men come," announced the Indian. "Manatock hear them. He know um white man, 'cause make too much noise for Injun."

The astute and cunning Mohawk led the boys into a thicket, and they had scarcely concealed themselves when two white men, in the uniforms of French officers, came in view, advancing in the direction of the settlement from which our fugitives had just fled.

One of the Frenchmen had got a pebble in his shoe, and while he seated himself on a log, near the thicket in which the listeners were concealed, to remove the annoyance, he and his companion continued to talk.

"Yes, our forces are promptly assembled at Crown Point," said one of the Frenchmen.

"What is the objective plan—what American settlement is to be attacked?"

"William Henry. Kilda means to capture the block house there and so open the southern portion of Lake George to the French."

"Do you think the campaign will be successful?"

"Yes. There is an excellent plot on foot to betray the block house at William Henry into our hands."

"Indeed! How is that?"

"Nate Badger, the English renegade, means to open the block house doors for us at the proper time."

At this point in their conversation the two French officers moved on. As soon as they were out of sight the white lads and the Indian emerged from their concealment.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bert. "This is vitally important news. We must make all haste to reach the block house, and warn Colonel Hastings."

While this exchange of remarks occurred they were proceeding rapidly. They all felt that Nate Badger would use all his cunning against them and their friends, and it was little wonder that their apprehensions were intense, for Badger was a vindictive scoundrel, who had been driven in disgrace from the settlement of the Americans by Colonel Hastings' command. Badger had been a thief, and he had dared attempt the abduction of Nettie Hastings. Swiftly and silently, while Manatock led the way, ever alert and watchful, the boys pressed onward, and meanwhile, determined pursuers, who possessed all the skill of bloodhounds in following a track, were on their trail. Some time after the fugitives left the settlement of Crown Point a French officer discovered the situation in Colonel Kilda's lodge. He was promptly released, and Red Wolf restored to consciousness. Kilda's rage may be imagined when he found that the white boys and their Indian comrade were already out of the settlement. But he swore they should be recaptured, and selecting a score of Indians noted as runners in their tribe, he placed Red Wolf in command of them, and sent them after the Block House Boys. Kilda gave the bloodthirsty Red Wolf the following final instructions:

"Run down the Mohawk and the white boys if you have to track them to the very doors and bring them back to me. This time I will trust no one save myself to dispose of the young rascals. When you have taken them, if you can trust your warriors to conduct them here, you had better press on to William Henry to carry out the dangerous mission you have undertaken."

Red Wolf and his braves at once set out in pursuit of the Block House Boys. They found the boys' trail and the redskin runners darted on and on, never once at fault. And later the fugitives met with an adventure that retarded their flight. Suddenly Manatock heard a twig snap, as he was leading the boys through a dense portion of the

woods. The succeeding moment he saw an Indian dodge from behind one tree to another. Manatock sprang behind a tree. The boys did the same. But they immediately discovered that they were surrounded by Senecas.

CHAPTER V.—Doomed to the Stake.

Of course Manatock and the two white boys yet wore the disguises of Seneca Indians, in which they had appeared before Colonel Kilda at Crown Point. Though the movements of the Senecas, who had stealthily surrounded them, seemed to indicate that the savages had for some reason hesitated about receiving them for what they seemed, still, as this band was not from Crown Point, and had not been before encountered, the only plan to escape them seemed to be to boldly play the part of Senecas, and rely on thus deceiving the hostiles.

"Ugh!" whispered Manatock; "we fool Senecas. make 'um think we of their tribe in the south."

Then he held up his hands in token of friendship, and boldly stepped from behind the tree, saying in the Seneca tongue:

"How, brothers, how?"

The white boys imitated Manatock.

"Whence come our brothers?" asked the chief of the hostile band.

"From the south," replied Manatock.

"So Big Thunder said to his braves."

"And why did our brothers steal upon us as though we were enemies?" asked Manatock.

"Because you were strangers, and we have heard that some of the southern Senecas are friendly to the Americans," answered Big Thunder.

"That is true. But we are on the side of the Frenchmen. We come now from Crown Point. We go to carry a message to the southern Senecas from the great French father, Montcalm."

"Then you shall go on your way in peace."

"Come then, my sons, and I will go," said Manatock.

Then waving his hand to the hostiles in the Seneca signal of friendship, he calmly led the boys onward again. But they had not proceeded far when the entire band of Senecas they had just left came rushing after them.

"Something wrong," said Manatock, grasping his gun firmly as he saw the expression upon the fierce, hideously painted faces of the Senecas as they surged toward him and the boys.

In a moment the brave Mohawk and the boys were surrounded by the hostiles.

"The warrior has spoken with a crooked tongue!" cried Big Thunder, as he confronted Manatock in the center of the circle his warriors had formed about the Mohawk and the boys.

"No; my brother is wrong. Pawhattan speaks with a straight tongue," replied Manatock, stoutly.

"And does the warrior say the young braves are his sons?"

"Yes," replied Manatock, calmly and promptly.

"Ha! The warrior is a snake and a liar," cried Big Thunder.

"Pawhattan would make Big Thunder eat his

words if he had not his braves to protect him," hissed the Mohawk.

"See. Look at the trail of the lads. Ha! The footprints tell the truth. The toes of all redmen turn in. Those boys are whites, for their tracks show their toes turn out!" yelled Big Thunder.

But the Mohawk proved himself a forest hero of the grandest type. With one terrific blow from the butt of his gun he knocked down Big Thunder. Then uttering the wild, thrilling yell of the Mohawks, he shot down another Seneca, and with his tomahawk in one hand and his long, keen-bladed scalping knife in the other, he rushed at the wall of red foemen that hemmed him in.

Manatock's onset was resistless. One blow from his terrible tomahawk split the skull of a huge warrior who came in his way to the chin. Another of the Senecas went down under a blow from the Mohawk's knife that split his heart in twain.

And then Manatock was out of the circle of death that his foes had drawn about him. The Senecas to the number of a dozen, darted after Manatock, while those who remained behind, having disarmed the boys, tore off their Indian head-dresses and removed the paint from their faces.

Then the boys were bound to separate trees and the savages collected dry brush and heaped it about them. When all was ready for the fire of death Big Thunder struck a flint, a spark fell among the dry punk he had prepared beside the brush heap that surrounded Bert, and in a moment the flames broke out. The boys gave up all hope.

"Farewell, Val, and may God have mercy on us both!" said Bert as the smoke and flame began to envelop him.

"Good-by, brother; good-by!" responded Val falteringly.

But at that very moment the white boy's noble Mohawk ally was near. He had doubled on his pursuers, after blinding his trail by climbing a tree, and then swinging himself from limb to limb along a line of forest monarchs, whose long branches almost interlaced. Crouching in an adjacent thicket Manatock watched the terrible scene of the doom of the Block House Boys.

"The great Manito knows the Mohawk's will is good to keep his pledge to white boys' father and protect them. But Injun can't do it. Seneca dogs too many!" said the brave Indian, mentally.

Manatock put his hands to his eyes. He did not want to witness the awful torture and horrible death of the boys which it seemed must soon come. But all at once a chorus of yells rang out from the northward, and through the woods, coming from the direction of Crown Point, Manatock saw a considerable band of Senecas. The on-rushing band quickly reached the war party who had doomed the Block House Boys.

CHAPTER VI.—A White Man Under War Paint and Feathers.

The new arrivals were Red Wolf and the Seneca runners sent by Colonel Kilda to capture and return the Block House Boys to Crown Point.

"Those white lads escaped from the great fur chief, Kilda. He wants them back alive!" shouted Red Wolf.

As he spoke Red Wolf rushed to the brush heap about Val and began kicking it away.

"If the great chief, who gives the warriors powder and firewater, sends for the boy captives, he must have them," assented Big Thunder.

Then he threw the brush that was burning about Bert away, employing a pole for the purpose. After that the flames were quickly extinguished. Almost fainting from the nervous reaction upon being snatched at the last moment from what had seemed certain doom, the two white lads were released from the trees to which they had been bound. Red Wolf's party very soon set out to conduct the lads back to Crown Point. They were marched along between their captors, half of whom went ahead of them, while the others followed. Night came on and Red Wolf's party went into camp in an open glade in the woods. Four warriors, noted as hunters, were sent out after game. The rest of the band remained in the camp to guard the white boys. Presently Red Wolf approached a tall sub-chief of the band who stood near the white boy captives, and said:

"I must leave you now to go to the block house at William Henry. I trust you, Tall Deer, to take the boys in safety to the fur chief."

"Tall Deer will do all his white brother asks," responded the Indian.

"Have you forgotten that I want to keep it a secret that I am a white man? Never call me your white brother again. To you and all men I am, for the present an Indian," replied Red Wolf, dropping his voice and speaking firmly.

A moment later Red Wolf left the camp. Bert and Val had heard all.

"Manatock was right in his suspicions. By his own confession Red Wolf is a white man," said Val.

"Yes, but who is he? Oh, Val, I've a terrible suspicion. I believe that disguised renegade is none other than Nate Badger."

Some time elapsed. But scarcely an hour had gone by when a Frenchman, clad in half Indian costume, and carrying a small keg strapped on his back, came into camp. The Indians greeted him with cries of delight, exclaiming:

"Le Pere, the fire-water trader!"

The Frenchman was well known and liked by the Indians, and he was soon dealing out whisky from his keg in a tin cup to the redskins, receiving in payment French gold, which but a week before the crafty Montcalm had caused to be distributed among the Senecas. Very soon the entire band of savages, including Tall Deer, who was now in command, were deeply intoxicated. The drunken savages seized upon the white boys, and dragged them to a fallen tree, upon which they bound them, declaring that they meant to roast them alive. Only one hope animated the boys now. They hoped the four Indians who had been sent out as hunters, and were therefore sober, would return in time to save them. It seemed that this hope was to be realized. The boys had just been bound to the tree, when the four hunters returned to the camp, laden with game.

"Ha!" cried one of the Indian hunters, "the white man's fire-water has stolen away the brains of our brothers. They have forgotten that the

great fur chief, Kilda, said we must bring the white boys to him alive this time."

The speaker and the three other sober Indians rushed to the log and cut the boys loose. Then they began to expostulate with Tall Deer and the drunken warriors who now thronged forward threateningly, and insisted upon the death of the boys. Meantime the sober Indian who had first spoken in the boys' behalf whispered in their ears:

"Run for the great stump yonder! Monatock will come after you."

The boys were astonished, but their hearts leaped for joy as they understood that one of the returned hunters was really the Mohawk. Instantly the boys bounded away. The drunken Indians could not pursue them. But the other three Senecas, including the disguised Mohawk, rushed after the boys. They reached the stump Manatock had indicated. There, concealed behind the stump, they found a loaded gun. Bert snatched up the weapon, leveled it over the stump, and shot down the foremost of his pursuers. At the same instant Manatock shot down another. Then he uttered the war cry of the Mohawks, and drawing his hatchet, sprang at the surviving one of the Seneca hunters. The latter had left his gun in camp. Manatock discarded his gun. In a second the two deadly forest foemen came together, armed only with knife and hatchet. Then an awful bloody duel ensued between the two Indians, but finally Manatock drove his knife through the heart of his antagonist. Then, with his blood-stained knife, he scalped the Seneca and waving the reeking trophy above his head and mad with the Indian fury which seems to seize them when they have tasted blood, he darted away, calling out to the boys:

"Follow Manatock, the Mohawk, and him save you!"

The boys sprang after the Indian, Val securing a Seneca's gun. They ran swiftly southward. The boys hoped their perils in getting back to the block house were now all past. They thought they could obtain so great a start that when the drunken Senecas sobered up it would be impossible for them to overtake them. But fate was against them. Some hours later the Mohawk announced that they were pursued. He said, too, that it could not be by Tall Deer's warriors. The boys and the Mohawk now ran at full speed. But the pursuers gained.

The enemy was very close now, and their savage yells rang in the fugitives' ears. They reached a log pen in a clearing and leaped into it.

"Here we fight till die!" gritted the Mohawk.

Then he and the boys leveled their guns over the logs, behind which they were crouched, and fired at the enemy. Three Senecas were hit. They leaped into the air and fell uttering their wild death yells. Then from all sides, yelling, leaping, brandishing their weapons, charged the redskins like a legion of demons.

CHAPTER VII.—A Man With a Secret.

At the block house, some little time subsequently to the departure of the two boys with Volmar Kilda's messengers, there was some excitement.

A sentinel who was at his post on the parapet of the log fortress discovered a strange looking man prowling along the edge of the woods in the distance. Suspecting the man might be a spy in the service of the French, sent to inspect the log fort and the American settlement around it, the sentinel gave the alarm. Colonel Hastings thereupon instructed two old pioneers who were skilled scouts to creep out of the settlement and try to capture the unknown. The scouts were just about leaving the block house when the stranger was seen boldly advancing waving his blanket in the Indian fashion as a signal that he came as a friend. Colonel Hastings then revoked the order to the two scouts and the stranger was permitted to advance unmolested. Arriving at the door of the block house the stranger said:

"I come in peace. I am a friend, and I seek one Legrand Shirley."

"Admit the stranger," commanded Colonel Hastings, and in obedience to his order the door of the stockade was promptly thrown open.

"Who are you and why do you seek Legrand Shirley?" demanded the commander of the fortress.

"I am one who is well known to Legrand Shirley. Let him come forward and he will vouch for it that I have no love for the French. When I have conversed privately with Shirley my name and business may perhaps be made known. First, however, I must see Legrand Shirley alone," replied the stranger.

"Legrand Shirley is dead. He was recently slain by the hostile Indians!"

"Legrand Shirley killed by the Indians! Then by heavens I know who intigated his murder!" exclaimed the stranger, exhibiting intense agitation.

And he added:

"Have I come too late? But stay. I think Legrand Shirley had two sons. Oh, do not tell me they have shared their father's fate."

"No," answered Colonel Hastings, quickly. "The boys are living."

"Then I must see them instead of their father!"

"That is impossible, sir."

"How is that? Are the boys not here?"

"No. They left the block house but a short time since."

"Where have they gone?" demanded the stranger, with increasing agitation.

"To their father's brother by marriage. Volmar Kilda sent for the boys, offering them a good home, and they went with his Indian messengers!"

"My God, the boys have gone to their death!" exclaimed the stranger.

"What mean you?" cried Colonel Hastings, catching the infection of agitation so marked in the manner of the other.

"Let me speak with you privately," said the stranger meaningly.

Colonel Hastings hastened to lead him into his private quarters, and when they were alone the stranger said in thrilling tones:

"I hold a secret of the past which I came to reveal to Legrand Shirley. My secret enables me to say that beyond all doubt Kilda seeks the lives of the Shirley boys. I will tell my secret only to them. Give me all the information you

can as to the party with whom the boys left the block house, and regarding their destination."

"One Frenchman named Henri Dupere, with a small party of Senecas, conducted the lads away. They said Kilda would meet them at Crown Point," replied Colonel Hastings.

"Then I must away. I'll save the boys if I can, and reveal to them the great secret, the possession of which has cost me very dear," cried the stranger.

Then grasping his gun he rushed from the presence of the commander. The latter darted out of the blockhouse without another word and dashed away to the forest. Entering the wilderness he took a course directly for the French post, which he now supposed to be the destination of the sons of Legrand Shirley. Traveling swiftly, dodging with rare skill several bands of hostile savages whom he encountered, but meeting with several escapes on the way, the stranger at last arrived in sight of Crown Point. Halting at the edge of the clearing in which Crown Point settlement and fort was situated, the stranger suddenly became aware that four men were approaching. He immediately concealed himself behind a log, and presently the four men he had discovered became seated on the very log behind which he lay hidden in the dense bushes. From the conversation of the four men the stranger quickly learned that the boys he sought were now fugitives in the forest pursued by savages. He crept away undiscovered and at once set out to seek for the trail of the Block House Boys and the Mohawk.

In his search for the trail of the white lads and their Indian friend, the stranger displayed the greatest skill and acumen as a woodsman. All at once the stranger coming around the corner of a considerable thicket found himself face to face with a tall Seneca warrior. The Indian was one of Kilda's sentinels standing guard. The Seneca raised his gun, but at the same moment the stranger hurled his hatchet at the redskin. The weapon struck the stock of the gun, and it fell from the Seneca's hold without being discharged. The succeeding moment the stranger and the Indian sentinel were engaged in a terrible struggle. For a brief space the issue of the combat remained in doubt. But at last the strange white man succeeded in drawing his knife, and almost immediately he drove it to the hilt in the heart of the savage. The single blow of the white man's knife had slain the Indian, and the stranger gained his feet, but only to reel and fall beside his dead foe in a faint caused by loss of blood and over-exertion. At that moment Volmar Kilda and Henri Dupere were approaching. Presently they discovered the dead Indian and the white man. They thought they detected signs of life in the white man. Kilda and his companion were astonished at the sight of the stranger. The former tore open the white man's shirt to feel if his heart yet beat. On his breast Kilda beheld a blood-red star. The arch villain started back with a cry of alarm, and he exclaimed:

"That man is Bart Blackwood—he whom I sold to the Cherokees!"

"Mon Dieu! If he recovers to communicate with the sons of Legrand Shirley, the Block House Boys, you are ruined!"

Volmar Kilda drew his hunting-knife. But at

the same instant the seemingly insensible man gained his feet with a bound.

"Duped! Deceived! He lives!" cried Dupere.

Volmar Kilda uttered a fierce cry and sprang at the "scarface." But the latter felled him with a blow from the stock of his gun, which he suddenly caught up. Dupere brought his gun to his shoulder. Before he could fire, however, the stranger darted behind a tree, and then fled through a thicket. As he went he shouted:

"Justice shall yet be done! Beware of my vengeance, Volmar Kilda!"

CHAPTER VIII.—The Chase on Lake George.

The war party of hostile Senecas, led by Big Thunder, were momentarily checked in their fierce charge upon the half-built log cabin in which the Block House Boys and Manatock, the friendly Mohawk, had sheltered themselves. But the respite thus gained by the young pioneers and their Indian ally was but brief. Again the Senecas came on, yelling with renewed fury. The lads had quickly reloaded their flintlocks during the halt of the Senecas, and Manatock had also charged his unerring weapon once more. The Mohawk singled out the foremost of the Senecas, and dropped the red demon in his tracks as he was in the act of discharging a shot at the log breastworks. Val and Bart reserved their fire for a moment. Then they, too, discharged their weapons, but with an interval of a moment between their shots. The Senecas, seeing four of their foremost warriors fall, hesitated for an instant, and then fell back until they were out of range of the log fortress. As the Senecas fell back, the boys and their Mohawk comrade reloaded their smoking weapons. Manatock looked troubled, and the boys knew that the brave Indian feared the worst. They saw the Senecas deploy and station themselves so as to completely surround the half-built cabin at a safe distance.

"Ugh!" grunted Manatock. "Senecas mean we no creep away in darkness. They are foxes, but we must try fool 'em by'm by."

An occasional shot came from the Senecas as the moments of suspense for the besieged elapsed, and the night drew on, while the moon sank lower and lower toward the distant horizon. Finally darkness fell.

"Now we get start before Senecas come," said the Mohawk, as soon as darkness became complete.

Then he noiselessly climbed over the log wall. The Block House Boys followed, and Manatock led the way in the direction of the adjacent timber. With the advent of the darkness storm clouds had gathered in the sky, and now the rain began to fall. Preceded by the Mohawk, they went on again swiftly. In a moment or so they were at the edge of the forest. But at that time, when they began to feel that after all they might elude the enemy, a brilliant flash of lightning suddenly illuminated the night, making it as light as day. The fugitives were seen by the Senecas, and as darkness again ensued they came bounding in pursuit of them. The Mohawk led the boys toward the shore of Lake George, which was now

not far distant. The boys knew that their Indian friend had a hunting lodge somewhere on the lake, and they supposed they were not far from it now. This was presently proven to be true, for while they still held their own in the race for life, they came upon an Indian lodge standing in sight of the waters of the lake.

"This Manatock's lodge when on hunt. Canoe yonder," said the Mohawk, indicating first the lodge and then a clump of willows growing down into the water on the bank of the lake. The lightning was again illuminating the scene.

Darting forward to the willows, he pushed a large, well-made canoe out into sight. Leaping into it, followed by the boys, Manatock seized the paddle and pulled away into the lake. The illumination of the lightning lasted but a minute. Then the darkness became more intense than ever. Manatock paddled swiftly down the lake in the direction of the block house at the settlement of the Americans.

"We shall reach the block house in time to warn our friends of the intended attack by the French and Indians, and defeat them if possible."

Manatock suddenly rested on his paddles, and they all listened intently. They heard the dip of paddles behind them.

"Senecas had got canoe, too. Where get one? Injun don't know!" uttered Manatock in a tone of disgust. "White boys take gun. Be ready. Lightning come agin. Then white boys shoot Senecas if in range!"

Then he paddled away again as swiftly as possible. Then came another brilliant flash of lightning, and the Block House Boys saw a large canoe containing five Seneca warriors close behind them. They discharged their guns simultaneously, and two of the Senecas fell. The others returned the boys' fire, but the darkness that instantly ensued favored the lads and their enemies' bullets went wide. Manatock dropped the paddles.

"Mohawk run no further!" he uttered, in determined tones.

CHAPTER IX.—The French and Indians.

Manatock snatched up his gun. As he did so there came a flash of lightning. The Mohawk instantly discharged his gun. Bert and Val fired almost as quickly as Manatock, and their bullets disposed of the three Indians. The journey on the lake was immediately resumed, and without further adventure the Block House Boys and Manatock arrived at the fort. Of course there was great rejoicing over their safe return. Nettie Hastings greeted the boys joyfully, and she whispered to Bert, telling him she had endured misery during his absence, through fear for his safety.

Bert sought the commander of the block house and told him the French and Indians were massing at Crown Point, and were about to attack them.

"Then no time must be lost in sending for reinforcements to Fort Edward down the lake," replied Colonel Hastings.

"And I have made a great discovery relating to Nate Badger. Since Badger was driven in disgrace from the settlement he has joined the Seneca Indians and became a chief. Colonel, I

am convinced that Red Wolf, the most blood-thirsty of the hostile chiefs, and Nate Badger, the white renegade, are one and the same."

"Good heavens! And is with the French and Indians who are coming to attack us?" asked the colonel, in startled tones.

"He is, and more than that, he is at the bottom of a plot to betray the block house into the hands of the French. He means to come here, disguised, gain admission, and win confidence. Then at the proper time, when the enemy attacks the block house, he intends to open the doors for them."

"But we are warned. Thanks to you and your brave comrades, we will be on our guard against all strangers. And speaking of strangers reminds me. We had a strange guest during your absence."

The colonel went on to relate all the conversation he had with the scar-faced stranger during the latter's recent visit.

"Ah!" exclaimed Bert. "That man was surely Bart Blackwood, the author of the mysterious note my father received before his death."

Then Bert went on to explain about the history of his father's past, with which the reader has already been acquainted. Much surprise was evinced by Colonel Hastings, and the importance of the stranger's mission to the block house became evident to him.

"And now about sending to Fort Edward for reinforcements," finally said the colonel.

"We will go," volunteered Bert. "Let us have food and an hour's rest, and we'll be ready to start again."

"Ugh! Manatock go, too," said the Mohawk.

"Good! You three are the best scouts we have," said Colonel Hastings.

The boys were at once provided with refreshments, which Manatock shared. Then, after a short rest, they once more left the block house. Meantime the French General Montcalm had arrived at the settlement of Crown Point, and the French and Indians were making for the American settlement of William Henry by a forced march. Not long after the Block House Boys left the settlement to go to Fort Edward, further down the lake, the sentinel on the roof of the block house informed Colonel Hastings that the strange scarface, white-haired man who had previously visited the block house was again approaching. Colonel Hastings ordered that he be allowed to come into the block house, and presently the stranger entered.

"Back again, eh? So you did not overtake the Shirley brothers. But they escaped from the Indians and arrived here in safety during your absence."

"I'm glad of that. Where are they now?" replied the man.

"Gone to Fort Edward to bring reinforcements. I told them you had been here, and they requested you to wait until they returned, if you came again."

"Then I will stay," responded the stranger.

While he and Colonel Hastings continued to converse let us follow the Block House boys and the friendly Mohawk. The lads and the friendly Indian pressed on rapidly, and in due time reached Fort Edward, which was at this period commanded by Colonel Webb with four thousand men.

The Block House Boys at once obtained an audience and acquainted the colonel with the situation at William Henry and the request Colonel Hastings sent for immediate assistance. Colonel Webb replied that he would send a thousand men within five hours' time. Relying on this promise the Block House Boys and Manatock set out to return to the settlement of William Henry. The Block House Boys had not made half the distance on their way back to the settlement when they were intercepted by a considerable band of hostile Indians. The boys and their Mohawk friend tried to reach the block house by making a detour. But when, having thrown their pursuers off the trail, they came in sight of the block house, what was their consternation to observe from the top of a hill which they had gained, that the French and Indians from Crown Point were in sight, advancing from the shores of Lake George. After making a forced march, as stated, for a portion of the distance from Crown Point, the enemy had completed the journey by water. A long line of barges, provided by the French in advance, had been employed. Each barge had a large lateen sail, and under a favorable wind they had made the voyage down the lake in less than one-third the time it would have taken them to come by land. This the boys and the Mohawk had not counted on.

"Oh, heavens! The block house is doomed! The reinforcements from Fort Edward cannot come in time now!" cried Bert.

"Let's reach the block house without a moment's delay," said the other lad.

They were about to descend the hill, when, just below, they saw a dozen Indians and a couple of Frenchmen passing under cover of the trees. Bert started violently as he saw this party, for he recognized one of the Frenchmen as Volmar Kilda, his deadly enemy. And Bert heard the villain say in incautious tones to his comrade:

"Nate Badger is now in the block house. I've seen his signal, that assures me our plot will succeed. He will open the doors to us, and then we'll hurl the Senecas in upon the garrison. The Shirley boys and all within the block house are doomed now."

The Frenchmen and the Indians of that band passed on.

"Now to reach the block house and expose Badger. After all, if the post can hold out for five hours the tables may be turned," said Val.

Then they started forward again. The Mohawk was in the lead. But a moment or so later they came face to face with Kilda and his redskins.

Instantly their guns sprang to their shoulders and the report rang out. Then the Block House boys and Manatock plunged into a thicket.

Meanwhile the men of the block house had relied upon the Block House boys to bring them reinforcements. Nate Badger was already in the block house waiting to turn it over to his friends.

In the meantime Manatock had left the Block House boys and carried the news to Colonel Hastings that it would be five hours before reinforcements could arrive.

The massacre at William Henry is a matter of history. The attack was made and the garri-

son found itself short of ammunition. A terrible scene took place. The fort was captured. The Block House Boys witnessed it from a neighboring hill, unable to give any help. Nettie Hastings had been abducted by the redskins. Manatock was also missing. The Block House Boys were also surrounded later and captured.

CHAPTER X.—Running the Gauntlet.

The Block House Boys shuddered as they beheld Nate Badger in his disguise of Red Wolf, the bloodthirsty Seneca chief.

"Yes," repeated the renegade. "The white boys shall run the gauntlet. They have slain many of the Senecas, and the braves must have vengeance."

Fierce cries, exclamations of satisfaction, and exultant yells greeted the speaker's words. He had proposed a terrible ordeal, which the savages were fond of making captives undergo.

"You dastardly villain!" cried Bert. "You are worse than the savages, for you have had all the benefits of civilization, and you are a white man, yet you have leagued yourself with the bloodthirsty Indians to make war upon your own race. For shame, Nate Badger! For shame!"

"Silence!" thundered the renegade, and in his rage he drew his hatchet from his belt and advanced upon the boy captives and their strange scar-faced companion.

"Ugh! Big chief spoil Seneca braves vengeance if kill white boys now," said a tall Indian as he quickly stepped between Badger and the young captives.

"Yes, yes, I forget myself. The gauntlet for the young rascals," assented the renegade.

He put his hatchet in his belt, and the two white lads and the scar-face, otherwise Bart Blackwood, were bound to trees, near the stake to which Manatock, the friendly Mohawk was secured. Some of the Senecas were yet busy heaping dry brush around the prisoner at the stake, and the heroic Mohawk was taunting them, after the manner of the Indians. Among all the tribes it was considered an evidence of great bravery to meet torture defiantly, and without showing a sign of fear. If Manatock was in fear and dread now that it seemed the cruel torture fire would soon consume him, he did not show it. The Mohawk warrior held his noble head high, and his eyes flashed with the fire of hate and rage as he regarded his foes.

"The Senecas are dogs. They are cowards and all like old women. The Mohawk spits at them. They cannot fight. Let them release the Mohawk and he will show them how a warrior can slay such dogs as they are," said Manatock.

Perhaps the fire would have been set to the brush heaped about the prisoner then, but Red Wolf called all the band together to form the terrible death gauntlet which he had doomed the Block House Boys to run. The Senecas who had been busy preparing the torture fire about Manatock left him to join the rest of the band and engage in the horrible sport of the gauntlet. And meanwhile the boys and Manatock had a moment for conversation, while the red fiends were arranging the gauntlet.

"How came you a captive, Manatock?" asked Val.

"Ugh! the Mohawk was captured in fight. Heap Senecas find him trail as him follow Colonel Hastings. Manatock made quick run. Soon find more Senecas ahead. Then both bands come at Manatock. Him made big fight. No good. Senecas too many. Manatock made prisoner," replied the Mohawk.

"And now we are all doomed and Nettie and her father are prisoners in the power of the French. Oh, Manatock, this is the darkest hour of all our lives," said Bert sadly.

"Ugh!" grunted the Mohawk. "White boys say true."

"But you must live! You must live to call Volmar Kilda to account! The man who had wronged your dead father and yourselves must yet be brought to justice," said the scarface.

As yet the strange man had imparted nothing of the secret of the past relating to themselves, which the Block House Boys supposed he possessed. But now he went on, speaking rapidly, and he said:

"My name is Bart Blackwood. Do you know if your dead father ever received a message from me, which should have been given him by a Cherokee Indian?"

"Yes," replied Bert.

"Then you probably know what the message was?"

"Yes. It stated that our grandfather made a will revoking the one he made disinheriting our father, and that the last will made our father the heir; also that you could produce that will, but were a prisoner among the Cherokee Indians, to whom you had been sold by Volmar Kilda."

"Yes, and all that is true. But unfortunately—"

"The savages are coming!" interrupted Val.

The further remarks of Bart Blackwood were cut short. The next moment Bert and Val were unbound from the trees to which they had been temporarily fastened. The Senecas marched the two lads to the center of the camp. The whole band of Indians was now drawn up in a double line, so as to leave a space of three feet between their ranks.

Each of the painted demons held some weapon ready to strike the Block House Boys when they were compelled to run between their lines. At the head of the gauntlet the boys were unbound.

"Go!" yelled Nate Badger, and he and a couple of powerful Seneca braves pushed the lads forward between the lines of death. The next moment they bounded down the gauntlet. But all at once Bert ducked his head and dashed it into the stomach of a big chief. Over went the redskin with all the breath driven out of his body.

In a trice, then, Bert and Val leaped over the fallen chief and broke through the lines at full speed. The Senecas were surprised. Rarely, if ever, had they met with a similar experience. A captive doomed to run the death gauntlet seldom, if ever before, broke through the lines of his foes. The desperate daring of the Block House Boys had now given them a chance for their lives. It was a slender chance. Everything now depended upon their speed. If they could distance the Senecas, who immediately came howling after them,

all might be well. If not, then they would surely be recaptured again, and another chance would not be given them. The hope of escape inspired the lads. They strained every nerve and muscle in the race. But it was not decreed that they were to elude their enemies it seemed, for all at once they heard a band of men in front. Then they turned aside and tried to avoid the approaching party, but almost immediately they found themselves surrounded by a large party of French soldiers led by Colonel Kilda in person.

"Ha! The very lads I was coming to secure at Red Wolf's camp. These are the American boy spies," cried Kilda, as his men hemmed in the block house lads.

But Red Wolf and his Senecas now came up and while the rain began to descend from the dark clouds that had gathered in the sky, Red Wolf demanded the boys be surrendered to him, and the Indians clamored for their blood.

"No," said Colonel Kilda in response to the demand of Red Wolf, and the importunities of the Senecas. "These boys are the spies who escaped from Crown Point. They were then my personal prisoners. But now, since they are known to be spies, they are prisoners of war and they shall be tried and punished as such."

Red Wolf and his braves were compelled to content themselves with this decision. The renegade drew Colonel Kilda aside and said:

"What will be the fate of the boys?"

"Death! They will be shot as spies," replied the Block House Boys' deadly foe.

"Good! Then I am satisfied. I only wished to rid myself of the boy who is my rival. You have not forgotten our agreement, which was made when I agreed to go to the block house in disguise?"

"No," replied Colonel Kilda.

"Then you may expect me soon to come to your camp to claim my reward for that dangerous undertaking. I mean the girl, Nettie Hastings."

"You shall never have her," replied Kilda.

The Block House Boys did not hear a word of this conversation. They were marched away by Colonel Kilda. Then Badger and his redskins returned to their camp. But the rain now descended in torrents and so the torture of Manatock was postponed. Indeed, the brush that had been heaped about the Mohawk and all the available fuel was so wet that it would not burn. It seemed almost providential that the storm had occurred just at that time. In no other way could the respite of the friendly Mohawk from this terrible doom have been secured. The captive at the stake welcomed the rain.

"The Manito is good. The rain may save the Mohawk," muttered Manatock.

He knew that if the rain sufficiently soaked the buckskin thongs with which his captors had bound him to the torture post he might make them give so that he could free his hands. Once his hands were free he could soon loosen his other bonds.

CHAPTER XI.—The Renegade Claims Nettie.

The French soldiers conducted the Block House Boys to a camp, where Colonel Kilda and his division of the army from Crown Point were located.

General Montcalm was encamped further north with the main force. The French and Indians hoped to draw the American reinforcements into the forest and for this they were now waiting. Colonel Kilda meant to give the boys, whom he feared and hated, no chance for their lives now. By having them convicted as spies and executed, he believed he could forever rid himself of them in such a way that he would never be called to account for their death. This idea had occurred to him when he first denounced the boys as spies. Even then he had concluded upon recapturing them, and having them tried and shot according to military usages. Colonel Kilda was crafty and far-seeing. Since he knew that Bart Blackwood had escaped from the Cherokees he was in mortal dread lest the boys of the block house should learn a secret which the reader must surmise—that he was in unlawful possession of the inheritance which should have been the lads' father's and which now rightfully belonged to the young scouts themselves. Colonel Kilda was not aware that Bart Blackwood, "the scarface," was now a captive in the camp of Nate Badger and his Indian allies. If the plotting villain had known that there can be no doubt that he would have attempted to immediately put the man who held his secret to death. Nate Badger did not know that the "scarface" was the custodian of any secret of Colonel Kilda. Had the renegade been aware of the fact, in all likelihood he would have made haste to inform his principal of his important capture. In Colonel Kilda's camp Colonel Hastings and his daughter Nettie were now held prisoners. The fellow officers of the gallant Hastings had been sent on to General Montcalm. The captive father and daughter occupied a tent in the French camp, and two sentinels stood guard at the door. Moreover the prisoners' tent was in the centre of the camp, and even if the sentinels had been guilty of dereliction of duty, the captives could not have escaped, for sentinels were posted all around the encampment. Colonel Kilda was something of a martinet, and he permitted no infraction of military duty among his forces. Hearing the soldiers outside of the tent shouting a welcome to Colonel Kilda, Colonel Hastings and Nettie lifted the tent flap and looked out.

At that moment Kilda and the detachment who had the Block House Boys with them were marching into the encampment. Colonel Hastings and Nettie saw the lads.

"Oh, father!" cried the girl, in tones of deepest consternation and solicitude. "They have captured Bert and Val. Now I fear Kilda will show the brave lads no mercy."

"I share your fears, my dear," replied Colonel Hastings.

"Can nothing be done for Bert and Val? Father, you must intercede for them. Speak to Colonel Kilda. Entreat him to treat the boys as prisoners of war. You know that the strange scarfaced man told you at the block house that Kilda wanted to have Bert and Val slain," continued Nettie.

"I remember, and I will speak to Kilda," responded Colonel Hastings.

A moment later, as Kilda was passing the tent of the captives, Colonel Hastings called out to him, saying:

"Colonel Kilda, can I have a word with you?"

"What, now?" demanded Kilda gruffly as he halted.

"I want to speak to you about the two boys you have just brought into camp. They are regular members of the garrison of the block house, and I call upon you to treat them as prisoners of war," said Colonel Hastings.

"That is precisely my intention regarding them. They are spies. I shall treat them as such prisoners of war are always treated. They shall be tried and executed."

Kilda stalked on and, although Colonel Hastings entreated him to spare the boys, and declared that they were not spies, the villain would not listen. Nettie Hastings was heartbroken.

"Oh, heaven have mercy! That terrible man will have Bert and Val shot, and we are powerless to save them!" she cried, wringing her hands in mental distress.

Colonel Hastings could not comfort her. Indeed he believed that the fate of the two young frontier heroes was sealed. Hope of their rescue he had none, and certainly he had not the slightest thought that Kilda would relent. Bert and Val were bound to a couple of trees in plain sight of the tent occupied by Nettie and her father. Colonel Kilda retired to his tent to arrange for the form of a military trial which he meant to give the Block House Boys.

"We are lost now. This time Kilda will make sure we do not slip through his hands, and with Manatock and the scarface, Bart Blackwood, captives in Red Wolf's camp, there is no one at large to render us the least assistance," said Bert.

Val assented in hopeless words. Then in silence and despair the two boy captives awaited what was to come. But a short time, however, elapsed, and then Nate Badger, still in the full costume of Red Wolf, the chief of the Senecas, entered Colonel Kilda's camp. The renegade uttered some taunting remark to the boys as he strode by them on the way to the tent of Colonel Kilda. The boys made no rejoinder to the vindictive renegade, and a moment subsequently he passed from their sight and stood in the presence of Colonel Kilda within the latter's tent. A moment or so elapsed. Then Colonel Kilda and Nate Badger emerged from the tent of the former. Nate Badger had claimed Nettie Hastings as his prize, and Colonel Kilda had raised some objection. The truth was that the scoundrel had a half purpose of making Nettie his own unwilling bride. Since he parted with Badger in the woods he had been casting about for some excuse to retain the girl in his own power. In his tent he had just told Badger that he had concluded that he must himself hold Nettie as a prisoner of war. Then Badger became enraged, and he stalked out of the tent, vowing if the girl was not surrendered to him he would draw off all the Senecas from the service of the French. Colonel Kilda in alarm at this threat followed Badger, and he concluded he would have to keep faith with the renegade.

"I demand the girl Nettie Hastings. You are to give her up to me. You must keep your word," cried Badger outside of Kilda's tent.

Nettie and her father as well as the two Block

House Boys heard his words. The young girl sprang into her father's arms.

"Oh, father, protect me!" she cried, in terror.

"Well," said Kilda, in response to Badger, "since you insist, you shall have the girl."

Then he turned to the sentinels at the doors of the tent occupied by Nettie and her father and said:

"Bring out the prisoners!"

Colonel Hastings and his daughters at once came out of the tent.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Nettie. "Oh Colonel Kilda, do not give me to that merciless savage!" and she indicated the disguised renegade. Colonel Hastings recollected that the Block House Boys had told him Red Wolf and Badger were one. But Nettie seemed to have forgotten that.

"He is no Indian! Ah! What have I said?" exclaimed Colonel Kilda. Too late he knew he had blundered.

"You have unwittingly betrayed me. But the girl may as well know the truth now. I am Badger!" cried the renegade. Then he suddenly sprang forward and seized the young girl in his arms.

That night Bart Blackwood, the man who held Colonel Kilda's secret, was seen to approach by the Block House Boys. Very soon he gained the boys' sides and cut them free.

Bert Shirley picked up a gun belonging to one of the sentinels just as he heard Nettie scream. Rushing to the spot, he saw the girl in the arms of Nate Badger. Aiming the gun at the renegade, Bert shouted:

"Release that girl or I fire."

Badger let go of the girl and Bert placed himself between Nettie and the renegade. Then clubbing the gun he rushed at Badger. There were many French soldiers spectators of the scene.

But the Block House Boys were recaptured and again tied to trees. During the night Bart Blackwood again cut the Block House Boys free and ordered them follow him to release Manatock.

Leaving the boys at the edge of the camp he stealthily crept to where Manatock was tied to a stake. He was soon released by Blackwood. Manatock dashed away, but Blackwood was seen by the Indians, who gave chase.

CHAPTER XII.—The Sacrifice at the Manito's Rock.

As Blackwood was bounding forward at full speed he stumbled and fell heavily. With exultant yells the savages pressed on toward the unfortunate man at increased speed. They were sure of his capture now and, indeed, it did seem that little short of a miracle could save the "scarface," for he lay motionless. The fact was he had struck his head on the exposed root of a great tree as he fell, and he was partially stunned. From their hiding place the Block House Boys, who had been eagerly watching all the movements of Blackwood, witnessed his accident. The strange man had fallen within gunshot of the concealed lads. By firing on the approaching savages the boys saw that they could check the rush of the

Senecas upon Blackwood for a moment at least, and there was a bare chance that such a proceeding might give him time to regain his feet and escape the Indians even yet. Bert's gun sprang to his shoulder. Val also leveled his weapon.

"If we fire we shall reveal our presence to the enemy," said Val.

"Yes, but we must not let that consideration prevent our shooting to save a friend," replied Bert.

"No, no," assented Val.

Then both lads discharged their weapons. They had taken careful aim, and both their shots told. Two of the redskins who were foremost in the pursuit of Blackwood fell. Almost at the same moment the imperiled white man regained his feet and bounded forward. Now that the boys had revealed their presence, the scarface had no motive for leading the Indians away from them, as he renewed his flight in the direction of the lads. The shots discharged by the Block House Boys served only to check the pursuit of Blackwood for a moment. Then on came the whole yelling legion of red warriors as swiftly as before. Blackwood reached the boys and all three of the whites dashed away. But then the Indians began to discharge their guns, and those who carried bows sent well-aimed arrows hurtling at the fugitives in a dangerous shower. Suddenly Val threw up his hands and fell heavily. Bert stopped instantly and tried to lift his brother up and carry him. Blackwood came to his assistance.

"He is not dead. His heart beats yet. I'll never leave him to the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savages," said Bert.

"Nobly said. We will strive to carry him on with us," replied Blackwood.

They lifted the insensible form of the lad between them and started forward again. But the momentary delay had enabled their pursuers to gain upon them. Burdened as they now were with the insensible lad, Bert and Bart Blackwood's speed was materially decreased. Steadily the Indians gained upon them as the desperate race was continued. But the white fugitives would not abandon Val.

"We must make a stand here!" all at once cried Blackwood when the Senecas were close upon them.

Since the two unharmed fugitives had burdened themselves with their unfortunate companion the Senecas had become so certain of running them down that they refrained from firing at them further. As Blackwood last spoke he bounded over a fallen tree. Bert did the same. Then depositing Val upon the ground Blackwood and the uninjured lad crouched down behind the fallen tree and leveled their guns over it. On came the savages. Blackwood and Bert fired simultaneously, and two of the foremost Senecas fell. But the rush was not checked. On came the savages still. Instantly they surged over the fallen tree. There was a brief but desperate hand-to-hand fight between them and the boy of the Block House and Blackwood. Then the whites were overpowered. Just then Val staggered to his feet. He had not been seriously hurt after all. A bullet had grazed his skull and knocked him senseless. Beyond that he was unharmed. The attention of the redskins were centered upon Bert and Blackwood. They

did not observe Val had recovered. In the mad fury of the moment, when Bert and his comrade were overpowered, one of the savages, whose brother Bert had just slain, rushed upon the lad with his hatchet raised to cleave the white youth's skull. Val saw his brother's peril, and, upon the instant, he snatched up a gun one of the Senecas had dropped, and shot the murderous Indian through the heart just in time to save Bert. But then Val, too, was overpowered. Then the savages began to bind their captives. But all at once Blackwood threw off two of the redskins who held him and made a terrific leap into an adjacent thicket. The dense foliage instantly concealed him. Several Indians bounded after "the scarface," but they returned in a short time without him; Blackwood had eluded them. The boys were hurried back to the renegade's camp. There Nate Badger met them, and it is needless to say that the renegade exulted greatly over their capture.

The Senecas now clamored loudly for the blood of the white captives. Red Wolf, the renegade, decided that the captives should be slain.

A shout of approval from the redskins greeted this speech. Then the boys were hurried away to a cave at no great distance; torches were procured by the Indians and lighted; the boys were marched into the cavern and bound hand and foot; they were placed upon a great red stone in the center of the underground place. Then Badger and his savages retired from the cave, and the two boys were left alone in the darkness, unable to move hand or foot. It was the custom of the Senecas of those early days to sacrifice their victims on some occasions. To this day a great rock, in Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, and called Queen Mary's Rock, after an Indian queen, is pointed out to the tourist who visits the scene of the massacre in that valley during the revolutionary war. On Queen Mary's Rock the savages used to sacrifice their white captives. Badger and his band proceeded to draw lots to decide who should have the office of executioner, and the fatal lot fell to the white renegade. Nothing loath to slay the helpless lads, he drew his murderous scalping knife and crept alone into the cave of the Manito's rock. It was the custom of the executioner to slay the victims alone it seemed. Some moments elapsed. The band of savages outside of the cave began to grow impatient. They seemed to think that the execution was consuming too much time, as Badger did not reappear.

But when what the savages regarded as an unreasonably long time had elapsed, and just as some of their number were proposing that they should go into the cave, fearing that there was something wrong, Badger came out of it, waving his blood-dripping scalping knife above his head, and yelling exultantly:

"The white boys are slain! The Manito is pleased, and the Senecas are avenged! Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!"

Besides the opening through which the boys had been taken into the cave, there was no other way into or out of it. While Badger was in the cave its entrance was closely guarded. It was impossible for the boys to free themselves. No one could possibly have entered to liberate them without being seen by the Indians.

CHAPTER XIII.—Manatock and Wyona.

Left alone in the gloomy cave of the Manito's Rock, while Badger and the redskins were deciding as to who should enact the role of executioner, the Block House Boys experienced feelings of intense terror and despair. The situation was terrible enough to try the nerves and test of the courage of the bravest of men, and it was little wonder that the Block House Boys trembled from head to foot, and shuddered at every sound. Many times before he really came, they fancied that they could hear the stealthy footsteps of the executioner approaching them. But at length the darkness of the cave was illuminated, the boys saw Nate Badger coming toward them from the mouth of the cave. In one hand the renegade carried a pine torch, and its light dispelled the darkness, and flashed from the glittering blade of his murderous scalping knife, which he held in the other hand. The boys struggled madly to free themselves, but in vain, and the renegade, who was coming to slay them stole nearer and nearer. The light from his blazing torch lit up his evil face, and showed his terrible purpose in its murderous expression. The boys believed that at last their doom was sealed beyond all possibility of deliverance through human agency. Finally Badger paused beside the great red stone rock upon which his victim lay. Then he set his blazing torch on end in the ground, and was ready to begin the bloody task he had come to execute.

"You shall die first, Bert Shirley," hissed the renegade, and then he raised his knife above the heart of the boy hero to deal the fatal blow. Bert closed his eyes, and with a prayer in his heart awaited the doom that so closely menaced him.

Then he heard a dull thud, and opening his eyes he saw Nate Badger outstretched upon the floor of the cave close beside the rock. Over the fallen renegade stood a familiar form. Bert Shirley's heart leaped to his throat at that instant, under the impulse of the revulsion of feelings which he experienced.

"Ugh!" grunted the man who stood over the fallen renegade. "Manatock strike down Badger! Um no kill white boy now!"

The speaker was the friendly Mohawk who had promised the dying father of the Block House Boys to stand by and protect the lads always. But how came he there?

The explanation is simple, miraculous though his most timely appearance certainly seemed to the Block House Boys. Manatock had secreted himself in the cave of the Manito's Rock before the white boy captives were brought there. But he had been secreted in a side passage of the cave, at some distance from the Manito's Rock, and he had only discovered the boys as Nate Badger was about to slay them. So Manatock explained to Bert and Val as he quickly severed the thongs with which their captors had secured them. The Mohawk also added:

"Manatock fool Senecas heap. Make 'em think he Red Wolf or Nate Badger," replied Manatock.

Then he quickly appropriated the garments of the renegade, whom he had knocked senseless with one blow of his clubbed gun. In a few minutes Manatock looked exactly like Badger. It was not daylight yet outside, and he meant to

cause the Senecas to think that the white boys were dead. The absence of daylight favored his ruse, which he hastened to explain to the boys. Then he added:

"Boys, stay here till Manatock come back."

Bert and Val assented, for they comprehended that only Manatock's daring ruse could save them, certainly, if they were not soon visited by the redskins, it would be because the latter supposed Badger had executed them. Manatock proceeded to bind and gag the renegade.

"White boys wonder why Manatock no kill um Badger?" asked the Mohawk, while he was thus engaged.

"Yes," assented Bert.

"Mohawk heap cunning. Um keep Badger prisoner to exchange for Colonel Hastings," replied the Mohawk.

"Bravo! You are a trump, Manatock!" exclaimed Bert in delight.

Having secured Nate Badger to his satisfaction, Manatock gave him a slight slash on the hand with his knife, and then rushed out of the cave with the blood-stained weapon, as we have seen. The Senecas were completely deceived. They accepted Manatock as Red Wolf, and he led them back to the renegade's camp. As soon as that place was reached the Mohawk improved the first chance that he found to steal away unseen. He succeeded in leaving the camp undetected. Then he hastened back to the cave in which he had left the Block House Boys. Arriving there, he found the boys all right, and Badger was still a captive.

"What of Nettie Hastings?" asked Bert as soon as Manatock returned.

"White gal in care of old Wyona, the medicine woman of the Senecas."

"Ah! And Wyona is your friend because you once saved her life. I remember we procured disguises at her cave," replied Bert.

"Ugh! Yes, Wyona now with renegade's band."

"Can you not rely on her friendship to cause her to give up the girl I love to you?"

"Manatock don't know. Years ago Colonel Hastings shot and killed Wyona's brother—Chief Chepata—in battle. Wyona hate Hastings; maybe hate white gal, too."

"But you will save Nettie?" implored Bert.

"Manatock do um best."

"Good! Then I have confidence that you will succeed."

"Manatock hope so."

The Mohawk went on to say that Wyona's tepee was set up on the outskirts of the renegade's camp.

"Now, Manatock go to Wyona's lodge, try bring white girl back here. Boys wait, Manatock come again soon," continued the Mohawk.

Then he shouldered his gun and left the cave again. He went straight to Wyona's lodge, and boldly entered it. In his disguise of Red Wolf or Badger he did not fear detection. Wyona was alone in the lodge with Nettie Hastings when Manatock entered. At the sight of the man whom she believed to be Badger, the young girl uttered a cry of alarm and retreated to the furthest end of the lodge. Manatock had resolved to try to deceive Wyona and get her to allow him to take Nettie away under the impression that he was Red Wolf. The Mohawk knew that the old med-

icine woman was very bitter against all who bore the name of Hastings, and he feared that not even her friendship for him would cause her to let him restore the maiden to her friends. But the friendly Indian was fully resolved that, if he could not take the girl captive away from the old medicine woman peacefully, then he would resort to force.

"Red Wolf has come for the white girl," said the Mohawk.

"Ugh! chief take white squaw then," assented old Wyona.

"Come with me," said Manatock to Nettie, and with a sudden leap he reached the side of the shrinking girl, caught her up in his arms, and started to leave the lodge. But suddenly old Wyona snatched up a gun, and springing before Manatock leveled the weapon full at his heart.

CHAPTER XIV.—Manatock Outwits Wyona.

Manatock recoiled before the leveled weapon in the hands of old Wyona, the medicine woman. The Mohawk was completely surprised. His gun was now slung from his shoulder by a strap, for both his hands were employed to hold the white girl captive. Old Wyona, so to say, now had the Mohawk completely at her mercy. It flashed upon Manatock's mind that in some way the Seneca medicine woman had all at once detected that he was a renegade.

"Who are you? Speak, or Wyona will shoot!" said the medicine woman.

"I am Red Wolf," replied Manatock.

"You speak with a crooked tongue."

"How know? Wyona wrong."

"No, Wyona is right. Badger has the little finger of his left hand missing!"

Then Manatock remembered that what the old medicine woman said was true. The renegade really had lost the little finger of his left hand by the accidental explosion of a gun, a year before.

"You are a foe! Wyona shoot!" cried the red hag fiercely.

Her finger was on the trigger. Manatock knew his peril.

"Hold!" he cried; "I am Manatock, the Mohawk—he who once saved Wyona's life."

"Prove it," demanded the medicine woman, still keeping her gun leveled, and with her finger yet on the trigger.

Manatock lifted his right hand as he released Nettie Hastings, and quickly removed Red Wolf's head-dress and wiped the fresh paint from his face.

"Ah, you are Manatock," said Wyona. She was convinced, as she recognized the Mohawk. "Why come for white girl?" she demanded, as Nettie uttered a cry of joy when she understood that she had a friend at hand.

"Manatock would restore the white girl to her friends," replied the Mohawk.

The old medicine woman frowned darkly, as she replied:

"It cannot be."

"Why not? Wyona will let the white girl go for Manatock's sake?"

"No. The white squaw is the child of the slayer of Wyona's brother."

"But white girl has done Wyona no harm."

"She is the slayer's child."

"Manatock begs for her."

"Wyona will not let her go. Anything else she will do for Manatock."

"He gave you your life"

"Wyona has not forgotten."

"But she has a hard heart."

"She longs for revenge on all that have the blood of the slayer in their veins."

Manatock saw the medicine woman would not consent to let him rescue Nettie. Then he called his cunning to his assistance by suddenly exclaiming:

"What's that? Ugh!"

The Mohawk pointed behind the old medicine woman. She involuntarily turned in the direction he indicated. Then Manatock's clenched fist struck her a heavy blow on the back of the head, and she fell in a heap at his feet and remained motionless.

"Ugh! Manatock had to do it," uttered the Mohawk.

Then he led Nettie from the lodge. As they went forth the Indian said:

"White girl, have no fear. Manatock true friend. Him take white girl to Block House Boys."

"Oh, Manatock, are they free?" Nettie asked.

"Yes, and Manatock left the boys all safe in cave."

"Thank Heaven for their preservation!"

"Ugh! Great Spirit on side of white boys!" said the Indian.

Walking rapidly Manatock led Nettie from the camp. The Seneca warriors saw him and the maiden. But they suspected nothing of the truth, and so no one interposed to prevent their departure. As soon as they were under cover of the woods and out of sight of the renegade's camp, Manatock led Nettie on more rapidly yet. While they went in the direction of the cave, the Indian explained the escape of the boys from what had seemed certain death in the cavern. Meantime there was an arrival at the cave. Bert and Val were at the entrance of the cavern watching and waiting for the return of the Mohawk. Presently they caught sight of Bart Blackwood. Almost at the same time "the scar-face" caught sight of the lads. Then he hastened to join them, and mutual explanations were made. They were still talking when Manatock and Nettie came in sight. Bert ran to meet them, and the joy the young lovers experienced in the reunion may be imagined. All soon entered the cave, and a consultation was held. Manatock proposed to visit the camp of Colonel Kilda, and open negotiations looking to making the exchange of Nate Badger, the renegade, for Colonel Hastings, Nettie's father. All approved the Mohawk's plan. Manatock prepared to set out upon his dangerous mission.

"If Manatock no come back in three hours, he never come. Then shoot Badger," said the Mohawk.

Then Manatock, after giving his friends a word or two of warning—to be constantly on the alert to guard against discovery, took his departure.

Manatock traversed the forest swiftly after leaving the cave, and in a short time he arrived at the cabin of Colonel Kilda. The sentinels around the camp allowed Manatock to pass them unquestioned, for they took him for Badger, the renegade, whom the Indian called Red Wolf. The Mohawk went boldly through the French camp to the tent of Colonel Kilda. Unannounced, he thrust aside the flap of the buckskins that shielded the door of the tent and entered. Colonel Kilda was alone in his tent.

"Ah, Badger! I did not anticipate seeing you so soon again. I hope you bring the news of the Block House Boys, who gave me the slip last night?" said Kilda.

Manatock suddenly raised his gun and aimed the weapon at the arch villain as he said:

"Me no Badger the renegade."

As he spoke Manatock heard some one at the door of the tent.

Colonel Kilda sprang to his feet, but Manatock had him covered. Manatock then told Kilda who he was and demanded the exchange of Colonel Hastings for the renegade Badger. After considerable parley Kilda consented and Hastings was produced and taken by Manatock toward the retreat of Badger and the Block House Boys. When they arrived there Badger was released and Blackwood and Manatock started from the cave with him. In the meantime old Wyona, suspecting treachery, set out for the cavern. Peril was pending for our friends. We neglected to say that Nettie was also released by Wyona and taken with her father to the cave by Manatock.

CHAPTER XV.—The Battle in the Cave.

Not long after the departure of Manatock and Blackwood from the cave with Nate Badger, the renegade, old Wyona, the medicine woman, approached it. As it was now broad daylight the aged Seneca squaw, who despite her years, moved with the elastic steps of youth, came toward the mouth of the sacred cavern of the Manito Rock with great caution and stealthiness. She soon discovered evidence of the presence of whites in the cave, and heard the voices of the fugitives. An exultant feeling animated Wyona then, and she swiftly glided out of the cave and went rapidly in the direction of the encampment of Nate Badger's Indian allies. The time went by slowly to the inmates of the cave, as it always does when the occurrence of some particular event is anxiously awaited. Nearly an hour had elapsed when Bert suddenly enjoined silence, and then said in a whisper:

"I thought I heard a stealthy footstep in the cave."

In a moment the fugitives of the cave became fully convinced that there was more than one stealthy moving person approaching.

"Come," whispered Bert. "Let's creep away to the furthest depth of the cave and seek a hiding place."

As he spoke he silently led Nettie forward into the dark cavern, and after him came Val. Pres-

ently Bert came to an obstruction. It was a mass of fallen rock which blocked the way, but it was only about three or four feet high, and the fugitives clambered over it as noiselessly as possible. Scarcely had they scaled the barrier when a ray of light flashed in the darkness behind them, and they heard the striking of a flint. The spark had fallen upon powder sprinkled on a torch and a blaze was the result. Then the boys and their girlish companion beheld a dozen Seneca Indians in the cave. But the whites crouched down behind the rocks, over which they had just passed, and the Senecas did not see them as yet. Of course old Wyona had brought the savages to the cave. In a few moments several torches belonging to the Indians were ignited from the one that was first fired, and the light thus afforded very well illuminated the cave. The Indians now hastily advanced toward the hiding-place of the boys and Nettie. Bert and Val felt that a crisis was at hand, and that the moment for prompt and desperate action had arrived. The rocks served as a breastworks, and the two lads leveled their guns over them. The foremost of the Indians was now very near the rocky barricade, and the keen-eyed savage at once halted and leaped backward, for he had caught a glimpse of Bert's gun, from the muzzle of which the torch light glinted. At the same moment Bert pressed the trigger. The Indian uttered a yell, and fell head first at the foot of the rocks. Instantly the other savages pressed forward to assault the position of the Block House Boys, and the cave rang with their blood-chilling war cries. Then as the Senecas charged Val discharged his gun. It chanced that his bullet pierced the heart of a great war chief. As the savage fell the remaining Senecas set up the death wail of the tribe, and halted for a moment. Then they raised the dead chief and carried him back some distance. This delay in the attack gave the two boys an opportunity to reload their flint-lock guns. But the Indians came on again, just as the boys were priming their weapons.

They both fired at once. But the charge was not checked. The succeeding moment the Indians reached the rocky wall, and were attempting to scale it. Then the boys sprang up and discharged their single-barreled pistols, and clubbing their guns, wielded them furiously, seeking to beat back their red enemies. Just then the report of three guns crashed simultaneously at the mouth of the cave. The Indians halted in their desperate charge. They knew they were attacked in the rear, and leaving the barricade, they hastily retreated toward the entrance of the cave. The Block House Boys sank down upon the rocks panting and well nigh exhausted with the fatigue of the desperate fight they had made. But they believed friends were at hand, and the thought cheered them beyond measure. As the Senecas thronged toward the mouth of the cave the three guns crashed again in a deadly volley.

After leaving Badger at a safe distance from the cave Blackwood and Manatock started back for the cave. Before they arrived there they heard shouts and saw a band of savages led by Badger endeavoring to get into the retreat of our friends. They were repulsed by those in the cave, but still hung around near by.

CHAPTER XVI.—Manatock Goes for Help.

The situation was not only a perilous one, but perplexing as well. But Manatock was thinking deeply, and the quick-witted Indian grasped every phase of the present situation as well as those which succeeding events might be presumed to presently cause. The Indian's plans were immediately formed, and he hastened to say:

"Only one way. Manatock go for help while you go in cave. With boys you make four. Mouth of cave small. You four, if make good fight, hold out some time before Senecas get in cave."

"Yes. You have solved the problem!" replied Blackwood, and he rushed into the cave as he spoke, closely followed by Colonel Hastings, while Manatock glided away unseen. There were loose rocks at hand, and all set to work to heap them in a barricade across the mouth of the cave, but almost immediately the Indians under Badger, who had now come up, made a charge. They were met with a volley from the cave that sent them backward in a hasty retreat, and then the besieged set to work again on the barricade. Blackwood encouraged all by speaking hopefully, and they labored as only those can who feel that they are striving to save their lives.

Meanwhile Manatock sped swiftly through the forest on his way to the encampment of the Americans at the site of the burned blockhouse. He was one of the swiftest of all the speedy runners of the great Mohawk tribe, and he arrived at the American camp in much less time than one might have supposed he would have required to gain it.

The commander of the thousand men sent Fort Edward too late to save the blockhouse, suspected the retreat of the French and Indians, who greatly outnumbered his army, was a ruse to draw him into the wilderness, where the Indians could be used to the greatest advantage against him. Therefore he did not advance. But he was planning to meet the stratagem attempted by the enemy with a grand coup. Burning with rage, and longing to avenge the terrible massacre of the Americans at the block house, Colonel Wilson, of the American force, at once sent a runner back to Fort Edward to bring up more troops as soon as possible. When Manatock reached the camp another thousand men had just arrived from Fort Edward in answer to Colonel Wilson's call.

Manatock sought Colonel Wilson and acquainted him with the perilous situation of Colonel Hastings and his companions in the cave. Then a hundred picked scouts were placed under the leadership of Manatock, and he set out with them to save the whites at the besieged cave. At the same time an advance of the American forces was made up the lake. Half the American force was left behind, so that the enemy would be led to underestimate their numbers. The reserves would fall upon the enemy if the ruse to draw out of the timber succeeded. Meantime the besieged whites in the cave were compelled to keep up a steady firing in order to check the repeated onset of the enemy. At last the end of the heroic defense of the cave seemed about to arrive. The defenders had loaded their weapons

with the last round of ammunition in their possession, and still the hoped-for assistance did not come.

CHAPTER XVII.—The Americans Drive Back the Enemy.

Above the din of the terrible conflict at the mouth of the cave, where the devoted little band of whites were desperately fighting for their lives against overwhelming numbers of the Indians, there suddenly rang out a resounding cheer. The noble Indian had arrived with help in the very nick of time. The hundred Americans swept down upon the renegade savages like a resistless tornado, and old Badger and two or three others escaped the white avengers.

The Block House Boys and their companions came out of the cave, and a scene of rejoicing ensued. The white scouts all knew and respected Colonel Hastings, and they rejoiced over his rescue. As they traversed the woods toward the American army Blackwood marched beside the Block House Boys, and presently he said to them in low tones:

"Circumstances have prevented my revealing to you the great secret which I have desired to tell you ever since I escaped from the Cherokee Indians, to whom I was sold by the arch villain Volmar Kilda."

"That secret concerns our father, the will by which he was disinherited, and some fraud on the part of Kilda," said Bert.

"Yes," assented Blackwood. "It is a singular story. The fact is, in England I was a game-keeper on the estate of your grandfather. You probably know your grandfather was killed mysteriously in the game preserves on his estate. Very well, Volmar Kilda had found out that your grandfather had made a will revoking the one by which he disinherited your father. The last will made your father the main heir. Now, Kilda murdered your grandfather. I saw him do the deed. He had previously stolen the last will, and, he thought, destroyed it. But by a lucky accident I had secured it. Kilda, in ignorance of the fact that I had the lost will, but knowing I saw him murder your grandfather, bribed me to go to America. I went, and I brought the lost will here with me. Meantime, after converting most of the estate which he wrongfully acquired through the first will into money, Kilda also came to America. Then, to extort money from him, I made known that I had the last will. He planned cunningly after that, and I was kidnapped and sold to the Cherokees. But I had secreted the last will, and Kilda did not secure that. At last I escaped, thirsting for vengeance, and resolved to undo the wrong of which I had been guilty of helping your father to obtain the fortune Kilda unjustly holds. An explosion of powder accidentally scarred my face, and the terror of a single night, when I believed that in the morning I should perish at the torture stake, turned my hair as white as snow."

"Where now is the will that makes my father the heir of the English inheritance?"

"In the house of Volmar Kilda, at his princi-

pal trading-post for barter with the Indians," replied Blackwood.

"Then it is beyond our reach," said Val.

"I have a plan. Manatock must be taken into our confidence, and we will arrange to go in disguise to Kilda's trading post and secure the will during the arch scoundrel's absence," explained Blackwood.

Manatock was called and everything relating to the will and the project to recover it was explained to the Mohawk, who readily volunteered to accompany the boys and the "scarface" Blackwood on their perilous mission into the enemy's country. The party reached the American army after a long march, and went to a cabin by the lake shore near the position of the reserve troops. There Nettie and her father were quartered. Then the other went on to take a hand in the impending battle. The Block House Boys and Blackwood led on by Manatock overtook the division of the American army that had gone forward to make a sham attack on the enemy.

A brief but sharp engagement ensued when the attack was made. The French and Indians, thinking the entire American force, whom they so greatly outnumbered, was before them, charged fearlessly. This was, of course, just what the cunning American commander desired them to do, and he ordered a retreat. The French and Indians thought the battle was well-nigh won. The Americans continued to fall back until the French and Indian forces were all drawn out of the woods, into the clovered fields adjacent to the destroyed block house. There was a valley not far from the woods whose sides concealed the American reserves. Colonel Hastings was now in command of the troops hidden there.

When the French and Indians had passed the end of the valley the reserve led by Colonel Hastings charged upon their flank, uttering shouts that made the forest ring, and resounded afar over the clearings. Then was the Americans' hour of vengeance. The bloodthirsty Indians were slain in vast numbers, and a retreat of the French and their red allies, which was little better than a disastrous flight, at once commenced. The Americans pursued the enemy and drove them back to Crown Point, which post was so well fortified that the Americans did not deem it advisable to lay siege to it just then. The return march of our troops immediately began when the enemy had reached Crown Point, but the Block House Boys and Manatock went on toward Canada with Blackwood.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Conclusion.

Without great difficulty, Manatock had secured complete Seneca war-dresses for the entire party. These he took from dead enemies after the battle. The journey to the post, which Kilda had established in order to carry on his trade with the Indians, was reached after several days' march. It was just at nightfall when the Block House Boys and their venturesome comrades arrived in sight of the fur-traders' settlement. From the brow of an adjacent hill, where they stood at the edge of a fringe of timber, where the darkening shadows screened them from the sight of the

people of the trading-post, Blackwood pointed out one cabin larger than any other, standing close to the great store-house.

"That cabin," said he, when he knew that his hearers saw the particular dwelling which he indicated, "is the cabin always occupied by Kilda when he is here. During his absence it is closed. In that dwelling the night I was kidnapped I hid the will of which I told you under a certain stone in the hearth. Now, when all the people of the little settlement are asleep, we will advance and seek to enter Kilda's cabin, secure the hidden will, and escape."

The party remained where they were until midnight. Then the last light in the little settlement disappeared. Proceeding stealthily, they reached Kilda's cabin. They soon convinced themselves that there was no one inside of it. Then leaving Manatock and the boys on the watch outside of it, Blackwood forced open a window as silently as possible and entered. Meantime, the very day that the Block House Boys and their comrades set out for the Canadian trading-post, Kilda, accompanied by Nate Badger, the renegade, and a body-guard of a score of Seneca warriors, by a singular contretemps, also started for the same place.

A messenger, coming in great haste from the trading post, had brought Kilda the intelligence that his Indian wife, who resided there, and to whom he was much attached, was dying. So Kilda set out for the post without any delay. At the time when Blackwood entered the cabin of Kilda that villain and his men were rapidly approaching the settlement. Blackwood had been inside the house but a few moments when he leaped through the window with a package in his hand, and said to his friends triumphantly:

"I have it! I found the will just where I secreted it so long ago."

The Block House Boys were delighted, and the little party at once started to leave the settlement. They had reached its confines when, as they were about to enter the woods, there appeared before them a file of Senecas, headed by Colonel Kilda and Badger, the renegade. The Americans sprang aside and rushed for cover. The renegade and the Indians pursued. Suddenly Manatock wheeled and discharged his gun at Badger, and with a terrible yell the rascal fell to rise no more. The fall of Badger checked the pursuit, and the Americans ran swiftly southward.

They obtained an excellent start, and although the Indians soon took their trail, they finally eluded their red enemies and at last reached Fort Edward in safety. The last will was then examined, and it was found to be precisely as Blackwood had said. Some time later, when Bert and Val Shirley were in happy possession of the fortune they had wrested from Colonel Kilda, Bert and Nettie Hastings were married. Blackwood and Manatock always thereafter, when not employed as scouts or hunters, made their home at Bert's beautiful home on Lake George, near the site of the burned block house. Some time later Val married and settled near his brother.

Next week's issue will contain "THE WHITE BOY SLAVES; or, THE STUDENT EXILES OF SIBERIA."

PLUCK AND LUCK

CURRENT NEWS

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CHAMPION WHALE SKULL

A whale skull, so large that it had to be sawed into eight pieces for handling and crating, has been found on the shore of Alitak Bay, Alaska, by a representative of the biological survey, United States Department of Agriculture. The skull has been sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

DOGS SAVE HIS LIFE

Charles F. Tindall, resort manager of Madeline Island, was saved from drowning by his dogs recently. Tindall was fishing on Lake Superior one mile off Big Bay Point when his sled and four dogs went through the ice.

The dogs managed to climb out of the water with Tindall having the reins. Cries of the dogs attracted Lee Russell, John and Charles Hagen, who were fishing about a half mile from the accident, who attached their dogs to Tindall's and succeeded in pulling him back onto solid ice.

DWARFS WITH GIANT CHESTS

On the high Andean plateau in Bolivia live dwarfs with the chests of giants. These men are Bolivian Indians, and, living as they do at a height of 12,000 to 14,000 feet above sea level, have developed immense lung power to enable them to breathe properly.

Death struck swiftly into a flock of blackbirds as they were passing over the J. R. Lippincott farm, Burlington, N. J., and hundreds of little bodies, rendered lifeless in some puzzling manner, rained down among the fruit trees. Only part of the flock was affected, death was instantaneous and the bodies showed no sign of poison. The best guess seems to be that some form of static electricity was responsible.

One suggestion is that conflicting radio currents in some fashion caused the death of the birds. Several New Jersey scientists will be asked to consider that and any other possible explanations. Some of the bodies have been saved for them.

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CHAPTER XIX

A Wild Ride.

He held on to the guard-rail and tried to make himself heard, but with all the noise there was this was impossible, as he quickly realized.

"I was an idiot to come out without tipping the porter and telling him to wait," he thought, "and now I don't know when the train will stop. The fellow is doubtless asleep by this time, and at any rate he won't hear me with all this racket. It will be a mercy if I don't fall off, riding on the step like any tramp."

He sheltered himself all he could, but the wind blew wildly about him at times, dust and cinders swirled about him, and it seemed as if now and then he would be thrown from his place, as they whirled around curves or dashed down steep grades.

"This is a pretty sort of business," he thought to himself. "I suppose Mark is fast asleep and thinks that I am the same. I wish I could wake that porter and get him to let me in."

He had given up trying to arouse the porter or any one else, and had all he could do to hold on to his seat, being cold and worn out with his wild ride, the night being quite chilly, although the day had been pleasant.

At last he saw signs of the day approaching and hoped that the train would stop or that some one looking out of the window would see him and call the brakeman's attention.

"This is an express, fast enough," he muttered, as they whirled on, "and if I stick to my place it will be lucky."

At about daybreak he saw a town ahead of him, and a little later noticed that they were beginning to slacken up, the engine letting out a shriek which he thought was the sweetest sound he had ever heard.

"Thank goodness!" he muttered, feeling as if he could not hold on another minute.

They ran into a station, and he fairly tumbled from the car as they stopped and the porter opened the door.

Then some one from the station came up and grabbed him as he got upon his feet, saying gruffly:

"Tramp, eh; stealing a ride? Well, we'll fix you all right. We've got a place for such fellows as you."

The poor fellow certainly looked like one, hatless, covered with dust and cinders, red-faced and dirty, shivering and weak from his wild ride, and the man could readily be excused for regarding him in that light.

"I am not a tramp," protested Dick, unable to shake off the man's grasp from very cold weakness. "I was left outside by mistake. Call the porter, and he will tell you that it is all right."

"Oh, yes; you have your sleeping-car ticket and your checks and lots of money in your pockets, I suppose?" laughed the other. "You look it. You're a millionaire in disguise, of course. We've seen fellows like you before and know what to do with them. You come with me. The lockup is close by, but you'll have to cut a cord of wood before you get anything to eat. We know what to do with tramps in this part of the country."

"You don't know what you're talking about," sputtered Dick, shaking off the man's grasp in great indignation. "Yes, I have my sleeping-car ticket and money besides, and I happen to be an officer of the law as well, and if you try any funny business with me you'll get yourself in trouble. Hallo, Mark, come out here!"

Dick then produced his tickets and a roll of bills, showed his detective badge, and then said angrily:

"Now, Mr. Smart, what do you think of that? Hallo, porter, come here a minute."

The man at the station gave an uneasy laugh, and just then the porter stepped up, looked at Dick, gave a gasp, and said:

"Mah goodness, sah, whar you done been all dis time? Ah t'ought yo' was fas' 'sleep in you' berf. Wha' yo' been doin'—ridin' on de step?"

"Yes, I have been, and you don't get any tip from me when we get through, I can tell you that. I told you to wait."

Then Mark Popping stuck his head out of the window, and exclaimed:

"For the love of Mike! Is that you, Dick? Where have you been?"

"I'll tell you all about it when I get washed up," said Dick. "As for you"—to the over-zealous man at the station—"don't you be too ready to take a man for tramp after this, particularly after he tells you he is not," and then Dick got on board and went at once to the lavatory, where it took him a good quarter of an hour to put himself into any sort of presentable shape, the train, meanwhile, rushing on as before.

At breakfast he told Mark all about it, the young millionaire being disposed to laugh, but saying at length:

"Well, it's too bad, old man, but I told you that Ildone was not on the train, and you would not believe it. I am sorry you had such an unpleasant experience, but glad that it was no worse. You'll feel better after a bit, and you'll forget all about it."

"I am just as sure as before that the fellow is on the train, Mark," said Dick, "and I am going to get hold of him. You will see if things do not turn out as I say."

"All right, my boy," said Mark, good-naturedly.

Trix and Miss Tryphena came in to breakfast at that moment, and nothing was said either about Dick's wild ride on the step of the car or of Ildone and Burns, the time passing very pleasantly, neither of the ladies having the least suspicion of the young detective's thrilling experience of the night.

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

WRIST WATCHES POOR TIME-KEEPERS

Paris jewelers have their repair departments clogged up with wrist watches. They state that no watch will stand a jigsaw life indefinitely. They also say ordinary watches must not be laid on a cold marble bureau top during the night, as is the habit of thousands for watches require a certain amount of warmth afforded by bodily heat in the daytime and a cloth protection at night.

FLYING FISH HAVE BEST WING STRUCTURE

By studying the wing structure of flying fish, an authority on the flight of birds has found that their wings are some four or five times as efficient, for soaring flight, as the wings of birds. He attributed this, says *Popular Mechanics*, to the fact that the fin rays formed projected ridges on the under surface of the wings. By experimenting with models fashioned on similar lines, he found that the fin ray caused a sheltered area to appear back of the ray when the model moved through the air. His conclusion is that this sheltered area acts as a force to drive the wing ahead when soaring.

EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS

There are numerous pyramids in Egypt, some large and some small. It was the ancient way of burying the dead. In very ancient times a square chamber was sunk in the earth and the dead were placed in it and a roof of poles and brushwood was covered over it. Out of this pyramidal form developed the pyramids. The brush covering was succeeded by a covering of boards and that in turn was followed by stone construction. Some of the very large pyramids are Medun, erected for King Sneferu in 4720 B. C.; the three pyramids of Gizeh, erected for King Khufu, 4700 B. C.; King Khafra, 4600 B. C., and for King Menkaura, 4550 B. C.

GIRL COLLARS THIEF

A man who described himself as Vincenzo Logiudize of Manhattan was arrested in less than 20 seconds after he had snatched a payroll containing \$357 from the hands of Miss Ruth Spielberger, cashier in the Independent Car Front Manufacturing Company, at 495 West Broadway, Manhattan the other afternoon. The girl's screams attracted passersby, who nabbed the man and held him for the police.

Miss Spielberger had come to the bank and withdrawn the \$357. She was walking through West Houston street, when Logiudize, who apparently had been trailing her, suddenly grasped her right hand, in which she carried an envelope containing the money, wrenched it from her and ran. The young woman grabbed him by the collar and screamed. A score of persons rushed to her assistance, and Logiudize was caught.

Logiudize, according to the police, admitted taking the money, saying he was without work, food or funds.

CITY'S DIRTIEST MAN

Described by Magistrate Goodman in Tombs Court as the "dirtiest man in New York, if not in the United States," and as "a menace not only to human beings, but also to animals," Nicholas Ritumano, 42, who said he had no home, but who, officials of the Interboro Rapid Transit said, had been living in the subway for three years, was sent to the workhouse recently for six months.

Ritumano was arrested while walking along the subway tracks between the Worth and Canal street stations. The magistrate was told that Ritumano had annoyed the officials of the company for the past three years walking on the tracks, picking up discarded newspapers, riding on subway trains and sleeping in the stations.

When arraigned Ritumano wore an old army coat, tattered trousers, and his black hair and beard were a tangle of dirt and grease. His hands and face were covered with grime, and he told the magistrate that he couldn't remember when he last used soap and that he considered it poison.

He said he had not slept in a bed for three years and had not bathed in many months. He said last Sunday he tried to procure a bath in a Bowery lodging house, but he was turned away by the clerk as being "too dirty for us here."

Ritumano took from his clothing bank books which showed he had between \$5,000 and \$6,000 on deposit.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

Genuine tubes can be distinguished through the trademark on the glass. The trademark on the genuine tube is blown into the glass and cannot be removed. The counterfeit tube has the trademark stenciled in white paste and can be scraped off.

TICKLER COIL AND ITS USE

The tickler coil and a coil of wire are placed in inductive relation to the primary and secondary circuits of a receiving set. The tickler coil itself is connected in the plate circuit of the vacuum tube and affords a feed back action which produces regeneration. The functions of the tickler is best explained by describing what happens if you take the telephone receiver from the hook when the bell is ringing and then place the receiver against the transmitter. The result will be a continued howling. In a radio set when such a howl is heard it is certain that regeneration is taking place.

Directed Radio Waves for broadcasting are predicted by Marconi himself. As the result of numerous experiments with directed radio waves, Marconi has come to the conclusion that this method of communication is not only highly practicable, but that it must bring about far greater efficiency. In collaboration with C. S. Franklin, the great inventor recently communicated over a distance of 2250 nautical miles with considerably less expenditure of electrical energy than is generally used. Marconi has been led to believe through his recent successes in directed radio, that owners of crystal sets in the United States will soon be enabled to receive messages broadcast from London, because all the radio energy will be sent out in one direction thus intensifying the signals in receivers lying within that beam.

TRACING TROUBLES

In using the vacuum tube receiver it often happens that the filament flickers or fails entirely to light. In such a case it is a good idea to remove the tubes and clean the ends of the contacts. This is done either by file or sandpaper. Sometimes the jacks are at fault. When this happens inspect the connections leading to the jack.

Before attempting to make changes on the jacks remove all plate battery connections before making jack adjustments to prevent short circuits, which may result in the burning out of the vacuum tube filaments. If investigation of both stages of amplification fails to produce the trouble it may be located at the "B" batteries. Sometimes defective tubes cause trouble. It is desirable to test the tubes in various combinations, shifting them from one socket to the next.

RADIO CABINETS

Furniture Radio, so called, is becoming more and more popular. Virtually all the leading radio manufacturers are now turning out radio sets made in the form of attractive furniture.

Thus the self-contained and attractive furniture radio set is finding its way into the living room of the finest home, instead of being relegated to some odd corner as in the past, when it required mussy storage battery, a mass of "B" batteries, and a maze of unsightly wires. The furniture radio move is an excellent one and will no doubt do more to give radio a definite place in the home than anything else. However, there is the ever-present danger that furniture radios may become more furniture and less radio. That is to say, there are already ample signs that the radio end of some furniture radio sets is not what it should be. Too much attention is paid to making the set look attractive, and too little to radio details. Furthermore, the wish is often expressed by the public that the manufacturers of the highest grade and most efficient radio sets put their highest type radio sets into furniture radio form. After all, it is the radio set proper, and not the beautiful Jacobean period cabinet, that brings real pleasure into the home.

RADIO VOICE IN ONE HORSEPOWER

It is estimated by Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith that a radio broadcasting station is roughly a one-horsepower voice. This way of regarding a radiophone station is justified by the value of power which leaves the aerial wires. One horsepower consists in hoisting half a ton from the ground to the height of thirty-three feet, in one minute.

The electrical unit of power used in speaking of a broadcasting station is the "watt." It takes slightly less than 750 watts to make a horsepower. The average American broadcasting station radiates from 500 to 1,000 watts.

Measurements indicate that the power of a human voice, in loud speech or song, is only about one-one-hundred millionth of a watt. Yet this minute power is sufficient to be heard by the ear for several hundred feet. The human ear is calculated to be about as sensitive as the eye, so far as the amount of power required to give a definite sensation is concerned. By radio this feeble voice can be built up to a one-horse-power voice. This means that the voice of a speaker broadcasting from WJZ is increased over fifty billion times. In other words, if everybody on earth were to get together and shout at once, the voice power produced would still fall far short of the strength of a voice broadcast by WJZ. The world's call would be only about one-thirtieth as strong as that of the broadcasting station.

The Neutrodyne Receiver is steadily growing in popularity, because of its selectivity, its far-reaching scope, and its utmost simplicity. The usual neutrodyne set has two stages of radio-frequency, a detector, and one or two stages of audio-frequency amplification, making a total of four or five tubes. Only three controls are used, two of which do most of the work while the third clarifies and strengthens the signals. In the correctly constructed neutrodyne receiver, there is no distracting whistle or distortion. The

remarkable feature of the neutrodyne receiver is that the same stations will come in day after day with the same adjustments of the three dials, so that the user merely has to chart the various stations according to the readings of the three dials, and from that time on the stations can be tuned in by simply setting the dials to the chart numbers. As for selectivity, the neutrodyne, operating in a congested radio section such as New York City, readily tunes out nearby stations to pick up long-distance stations. When it comes to distance, a properly constructed neutrodyne receiver in New York City will pick up the Pacific Coast broadcasting stations at night as a fairly regular performance.

Interference is on the increase, especially in the New England and Middle Atlantic States. Indeed, evening after evening radio programs are seriously marred by radio telegraphic interference. It appears that the greatest interference comes from certain ship and shore and Navy radio telegraph stations employing the 450-meter wave length, which falls in the middle of the broadcasting wave length range. The Radio Club of America, the pioneer radio amateur organization of the world, has taken up this matter and is exerting every effort to put an end to the present very unsatisfactory state of affairs. Two operating companions have been using the 450-meter wave length and causing serious interference with radio programs. One company has indicated its willingness to abandon the 450-meter length, provided its competitors do likewise. Another source of interference is from the shore stations operated by the Navy. Steps are now under way, with a view to having the commercial stations as well as the Naval stations abandon the widely-tuned damped radio transmitters in favor of the sharply-tuned continuous-wave transmitters. Another source of interference is the re-radiation of regenerative sets in the hands of inexperienced or careless operators. In truth, this interference is the most serious of all, for one "ham" operator can with a regenerative set, spoil the program for other receivers scattered over the wide area. Gasoline engines cause considerable interference, because of the spark ignition which sets up radio waves. Arc lighting is also a prolific source of interference.

TESTING FOR TROUBLES

Frequently where a tandem of audio frequency amplifiers is fastened onto a single tube outfit, peculiar squeals are emitted, together with a rattling noise which makes the set sound as though something was radically wrong. Probably the question arises whereby one is trying to sacrifice quantity for quality, but trying to produce both of these in a receiving outfit is more of a problem than by simply looking at them traced out in diagram form upon a sheet of white paper.

It often happens that the cause of such noises are due to some connections which have been broken by excessive strain. Other faults may be bad B batteries or noisy A batteries.

In arranging parts in their proper sequence precautions should be taken to see that the connections are made as short as possible. This

should be done especially when connecting the leads to the grid posts of the vacuum tube sockets. To avoid capacity effects, the connections should be kept at least three-quarters of an inch apart and, when feasible, the wires should be crossed rather than run parallel so that only small portions of the neighboring conductors are close together. This holds true also for plate leads. Altogether too frequently a trouble is due to the closeness and parallelism of these lead wires.

Rigid connections should be used wherever adaptable so that accidental displacement is not likely. The connections should also be firmly clamped and the junction of the wires tinned over. A good soldering connection should be made rather than a twisted connection unsoldered. The latter will not remain permanent. Undesirable sounds in a radio set develop from faulty connections which are amplified in the subsequent stages until their volume seriously affects the music and speech which is produced in the head telephones or the loud speaker.

Another important item that should be followed very closely is that of the B batteries. A bad B battery when connected in series with other B batteries is often the cause of disturbances. Erratic discharge within the battery itself is the source and the only remedy is to take out the battery and replace it with a new one. This holds true also with the A battery, although it is less liable to happen here than with the B battery. Proper care, however, should be taken of the batteries as a whole. Too much B battery current being supplied to the plates of the vacuum tubes is another source of troublesome noise. This trouble may be remedied by decreasing the B battery voltage.

Where coils of the duo-lateral type are employed, it sometimes happens that the fine wires leading to them or within the coils of transformers are common sources of trouble. The insulation sometimes holds the cut ends together, thereby creating a more or less continuous path for the high frequency resistance.

When such a break occurs it is best to separate the ends and apply a voltmeter to the windings. If there is no reading on the voltmeter it is a sure indication that the conductor under suspicion is broken.

Where lead wires are fastened to the base of a coil or transformer one should look at these places for broken connections, since here they are subjected to their greatest strain. It may be possible that if a voltmeter be applied it may show that the path is complete in spite of the broken connection, but if the set is jarred slightly, base of a coil or transformer one should look at these places for broken connections, but if the set is just jarred slightly a deflection of the needle will be noticed.

For a much simpler test which will at least detect a complete break in a coil or transformer one can employ a standard flashlight bulb and its battery. Connections to the bulb should be made to the conductor under examination, with the bulb in series with the circuit. The bulb will light if the connections is not broken. Bulbs of large current capacity must not be used for test purposes, as excessive flow of current through the delicate wires of a transformer is apt to overload them.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1924

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

2,000 CHICKENS DIE IN FIRE

Fire recently destroyed several chicken houses and more than 2,000 chickens on the estate of Otto H. Kahn, New York banker, near Woodbury, L. I. Firemen from Cold Spring Harbor prevented the spread of the flames to several other outbuildings.

The residence, a quarter of a mile away, was not menaced by the blaze, which is believed to have started in an incubator or in defective electric wiring. Estimate of the damage could not be obtained.

LECTURER WHISTLES BIRDS' SONGS

The North Country Garden Club of Long Island, of which Mrs. Robert Bacon is president, is providing nature study lectures in public and private schools. It has secured William C. Wheeler, who shows slides of native wild flowers, ferns and birds on a daylight screen which is a great improvement over the darkened room.

He whistles the bird's songs while showing the pictures. The aim of the course of lectures is to interest children in natural beauty and through their appreciation of the wild flowers, ferns and birds to help to save them.

The importance of conservation of wild life is becoming more apparent every day as the mountain laurel, lady's slippers and other wild flowers, ferns and Christmas greens disappear from one place after another all over Long Island.

13 YEARS IN THE MAIL

Thirteen years after it was posted, a postal card was delivered to J. V. Scott, who lives on Route 4, from Dyer, a few miles north of Trenton, Tenn. The card was addressed to his wife, Mrs. Annie Scott, and was received on Feb. 27, 1924. It was mailed at Rutherford on March 2, 1911, and lacked but a few days of being delivered thirteen years after it was mailed. Rather a long time for the delivery of mail between two towns only six miles apart.

In the meantime, the writer, Bryant Overall, has died. Also Mrs. Scott, who died about three years ago. Mr. Overall died a short time after the card was mailed and since his death his father, mother, sister, brother and two children of the Scott family have passed to their reward, making eight deaths in the family during the time the card was being delivered to the person to whom it was addressed.

The card is thought to have lodged in the bottom of a mail sack, where it was stuck until it came to light and was delivered to its destination. The card is said to look about as fresh as it should have when mailed and the writing is very clear.

LAUGHS

The Judge—What proof have you that this chauffeur was intoxicated? The Country Policeman—He stopped his car at a crossing.

"So you charge your husband with tearing your hair. Did you scream?" "I would have, your honor, but I wasn't there when he did it."

Maud—Oh, I'm invited to the Wayups' ball, but I don't know what in the world to wear. What would you wear if you had my complexion? Milliecent—A thick veil.

He—You are the embodiment of all that's beautiful and— She—What on earth are you talking about? He—Nothing on earth; I was speaking of a heavenly creature. (Cards.)

Willie—Papa, is it swearing to talk about old socks being darned? Papa—No, my son. Why? Willie—'Cause I wish Johnny would keep his darned old socks out of my drawer.

Anning—Has Badders made a success of the stage? Manning—Yes. He acted the part of butler so well in a play last winter that he got a place in a Fifth avenue family.

Hight Jinks! Help, help! Cool, help! Mr. Cool—What are you kicking up such a row about? High Jinks—Don't you see how I'm fixed? Mr. Cool—Yes, but I never saw you in a hole yet you couldn't crawl out of.

Visitor—Aren't you glad you are a little girl? Little Girl—No; I'd rather be a little boy. Visitor—But little boys generally have to wear their father's leftover clothes. Little Girl—Mother is a suffragette, and she says pretty soon it won't make much difference.

A little Bangor boy surprised both his parents and his school teacher not a little recently, while at dinner. He propounded the following scientific question to the teacher: "Which is the quickest, heat or cold?" The teacher was a little slow about venturing a reply, but finally said she thought heat was. "That is right," said the sharp youngster, "because you can catch a cold."

BRIEF BUT POINTED

STRANGE FISH

The jumping fishes are well known upon the shores of all Indian seas. Their position is usually one of clinging to the edge of the rocks or mangrove roots by their fins, with their tails only in the water. When alarmed they make a spring by means of their bent, muscular pectoral fins, and then skim across the water by a succession of short jumps until they reach a place of safety. Scientists have found that respiration was mainly performed by the tail, so that the fish may stay out of the water indefinitely if the tip of its tail is submerged.

They also say it is not extraordinary for some kinds of fish to stay out of water practically a day. The European tench, for instance, is taken to market, and if not sold is returned to its native swimming pool at the end of twenty-four hours, none the worse for its journey. It is certain that the mud minnows dug out of dry soil in large quantities by Wisconsin farmers do not appear to suffer from their terrestrial sojourn when plunged once more into northern streams and rivers.

KILLED BY "DIVINE COMMAND"

Declaring that she had been told in a "divine command" to force her daughter, John Eva Winchester, sixteen, to stamp her husband, John Edwin Winchester, fifty-five, to death, Laura Eva Winchester, forty-eight, is held charged with one of the most unusual murders ever committed in Florida. The killing occurred at Seffner, twelve miles from Tampa, Fla.

The girl, John Eva, says her mother was obsessed with the idea that she had been made "queen of the universe" through the ministry of Raymond Richey, healer evangelist, who is conducting a revival at St. Petersburg.

Mrs. Winchester had come under the influence of the minister about two weeks ago, when her husband was supposedly cured of paralysis.

The woman claimed a power, even over God, her daughter says, and was angered at the sun refusing to rise in the West at her command. She blamed her husband as "the devil who stood in her way."

RUM RUNNER KILLS SELF

Sir John Stewart, head of one of the famous whisky houses in Scotland, died a suicide as a result of being swindled out of \$5,000,000 by American bootleggers.

A very sizable amount of the whisky sent from Scotland to the American bootlegging fleet last fall was supplied by Sir John Stewart. He fitted out two large steamers to serve as rum runners' supply ships and commissioned an American rum syndicate to handle the deal. Unfortunately for himself, he put faith in the men with whom he was dealing. They landed the \$5,000,000 worth of whisky in safety, but neglected to turn over a cent to the Scottish shipper. After

spending several months trying to collect the money, Sir John killed himself rather than face bankruptcy.

In order to finance the deal he had borrowed from Scottish banks. He gave them forged documents as security, not wishing them to know his real operations. He expected to repay the loans easily from the profits of the rum running.

Sir John Stewart's suicide also reveals the fact that he paid \$400,000 for the baronetcy conferred on him in 1920. It is supposed that the \$400,000 went to the Lloyd George party funds.

He expected to "clean up" on rum running, and plunged into wild extravagances. He bought a famous castle, spent \$250,000 on it and never spent a night in it.

He paid \$750 a week for a suite in a London hotel, spent \$25,000 in a year just for clothes, and indulged in one luxury after another. Then his castles in the air collapsed.

NEW MACHINERY SPEEDS GOLD MINING

Powerful electrical machinery, just installed in the Randfontein group of gold mines in South Africa, will enable gold to be mined more rapidly and in greater quantities than has ever before been possible. Whereas the average tonnage in 1919 amounted to slightly more than 100,000 tons of ore per month, it is now the intention to haul 70,000 tons monthly from each of the two new shafts, or a total of 140,000 tons per month, increasing the hauling capacity of the mine by approximately one-third.

The new installation consists of electrical hoisting machinery on the north vertical shaft of the Randfontein group of mines, which is owned by the Randfontein Central Gold Mines, Ltd. Each hoist consists of two cast steel cylindrical drums twelve feet in diameter and six feet wide, directly connected to two 2,500-horsepower direct current motor rated at 106 revolutions per minute.

A central control lever on the driver's platform, connected by levers to an electric controller, regulates the direction and speed of the hoist. Although the driver can run the hoist as slowly as he likes, he is prevented from accelerating the speed too fast by the action of electrical relays.

Should the driver faint, or lose control of the lift, the skip will automatically slow down and come to a stop. If lifting men, it will halt a few feet above the surface of the shaft, and if lifting ore it will stop a few feet above the tipping point.

Each hoist is designed to raise a load of 10,000 pounds of ore from a depth of 5,000 feet, at a speed of 4,000 feet per minute. This means not only an added output of gold ore, but the employment of a larger force of men.

These big electrical hoists, which are reported to be working smoothly and satisfactorily, were installed by the African General Electrical Company. The hoists are said to be the largest electrically operated lifts in the world.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

HANGS BY TWO FINGERS HALF HOUR,
CALMLY SMOKING

Bert Boyle, twenty-four years old, a day laborer, calmly smoked cigarettes when he was caught between a pulley wheel and a heavy elevator cable on the top floor of the building at 33 East Thirty-third street, New York.

Three fingers of his left hand were crushed, and by the remaining two he hung suspended, a fall threatening that would mean instant death. A rescue crew worked frantically for half an hour to free him. Bert directed the work, continued smoking, took a drink at one time, and when they finally got him safely extricated sank into a heap unconscious.

At Bellevue Hospital they amputated the two other fingers, leaving Bert only a right hand. He hung seventeen floors above the basement during the half hour of agony, and never uttered a sound except to tell the firemen, police and half a dozen tenants what to do.

WEALTH OF SIX STATES

Details of the wealth of six states at the close of 1922 were made public recently by the Census Bureau.

Iowa's wealth was \$10,511,682,000, an increase of 37.2 per cent. over 1912, with a per capita wealth of \$4,274, an increase of 24.1 per cent.

Minnesota's wealth was \$8,547,918,000, an increase of 58.9 per cent., with a per capita wealth of \$3,443, an increase of 37.4 per cent.

Nebraska's wealth was \$5,320,075,000, an increase of 44.2 per cent., with a per capita wealth of \$4,004, an increase of 32.4 per cent.

Oregon's wealth was \$4,419,459,000, an increase of 68.3 per cent., with a per capita wealth of \$4,182, an increase of 50.4 per cent.

Colorado's wealth was \$3,229,352,000, an increase of 40.9 per cent., with a per capita wealth of \$6,285, an increase of 22.8 per cent.

Montana's wealth was \$2,223,007,000, an increase of 98.2 per cent., with a per capita wealth of \$3,691, an increase of 33.5 per cent.

FOUGHT 14-FOOT SHARK IN COCKPIT OF
BOAT

Details of a thrilling fight between four men and a 600-pound shark in the cockpit of a fifty-foot fishing boat Thursday became known at West Palm Beach, Fla., for the first time. The principals in the fight were T. Coleman Dupont of Wilmington, his son Frank, Louis G. Kaufman of New York and Captain T. E. Newell of Palm Beach, skipper of the launch Ripple.

The party went out just before noon the other day. They cast anchor, three miles off the coast near Boynton. A half a dozen kingfish had been hauled in when a shark was seen swimming near the boat. Captain Newell obtained a harpoon and as the monster drew near the boat drove the spear with force through its back. The entire

party then took a hand in hauling the shark aboard, despite the efforts of the shark to free itself.

Once aboard the craft, the shark renewed its fight, as retreat to the cabin was made impossible for the men because of the swings of the monster's tail, while a rough sea kept the boat rolling about.

Kaufman saw a hatchet in a corner of the cockpit and went for it. There followed a series of attacks upon the shark. It was only after several minutes that the shark, deprived of its natural element and weak from exertion became quiet, that the huge tail was secured and the monster was killed.

The party returned to port with their catch, which was 14 feet long.

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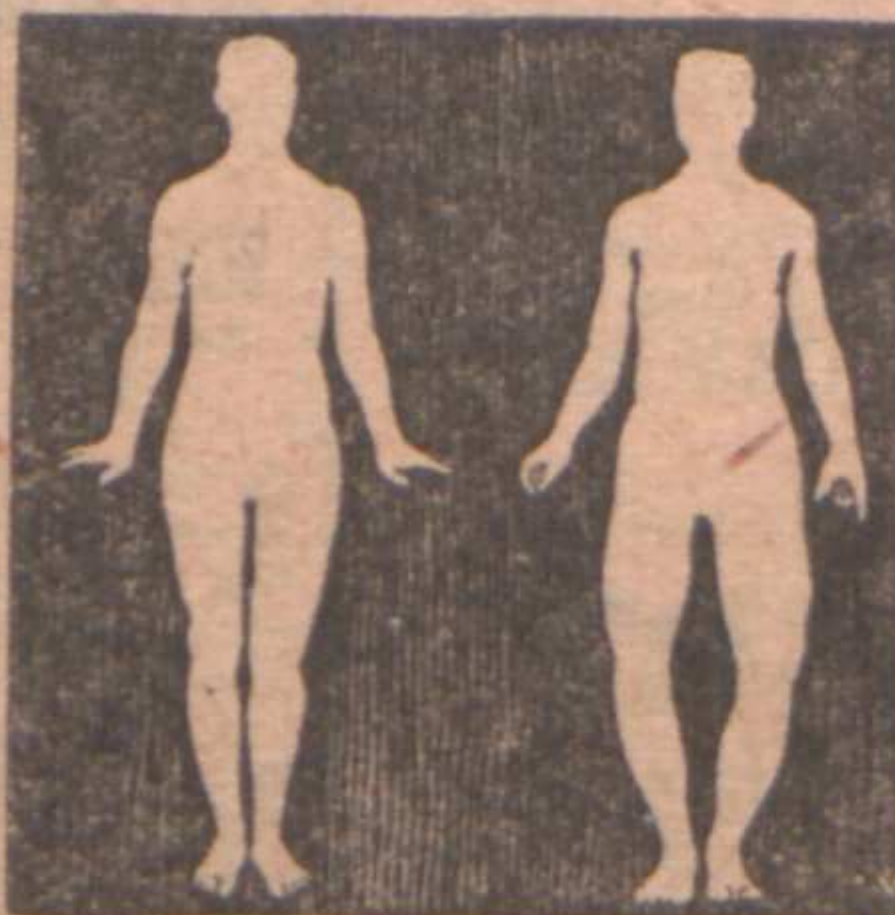
The exhibition of caverns to the traveling public is noted by the United States Geological Survey as a growing industry in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. The famous Valley Pike, now a link in the New York to Atlanta highway, is traversed yearly by thousands of automobile tourists properly intent upon seeing American first, and no one has adequately seen America who has not visited one or more of the caverns in the Shenandoah Valley. Until recently the only caverns that were accessible to the public were the celebrated Luray Caverns in Page County, and Weyers Caves in northern Augusta County, near Grottoes. However, within 12 months, the Endless Caverns, near New Market, in Shenandoah County, have been thrown open to the public, and on May 31 another cavern near Mount Jackson, also in Shenandoah County, made its first bid for public favor. The latest-opened caves have been named Shenandoah Caverns. They are about three miles south of Moun Jackson and two miles west of the Valley Pike, with which they are connected by a macadamized road.

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PLANTING TREES WITH GUNS

On the estate of the Duke of Atholl at Dunkeld, Scotland, there is shown to the visitor a rocky crag which, in many places, is quite leafy with the foliage of trees. This crag is called Craigybarns, and some years ago it was destitute of any vegetating. Owing to the steepness of the rock face it was quite impossible for any man to climb to the upper parts, it was wished to plant trees in the rock crevices. A proposal was made that the seeds of suitable trees should be shot onto the crag by means of two small muzzle-loading guns. Tin canisters were made of such a size that they would fit into the cannon. These were filled with the seeds of the trees and the covers then put in place. The canisters, with gunpowder, were loaded into the cannon and these were then trained on the crag. When the canisters hit the rock they burst into pieces and the seeds were scattered in all directions. In course of time these seeds grew up into trees, so that now the one-time bare rock is clothed with abundant vegetation.

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